

LEGION



LORY Old is Right

HERBERT J. HEIMAN

Illustration by HARRY TOWNSEND

HE spring of 1919 found me, a young member of the A. E. F., riding in a slow train across the fertile plains of Czecho-Slovakia, traveling from Vienna to Mahrisch-Ostrau, Czecho-Slovakia, an industrial city, close to the borders of Poland and Upper Silesia.

Some two weeks before I had left 51 Avenue Montaigne, Paris, upon orders of Colonel James A. Logan, Jr., General Staff, Director General of the American Relief Administration, headed by Herbert Hoover, for the purpose of finding Colonel A. C. Goodyear, President of the Coal Mission of the Supreme Economic Council, and attaching myself to his staff.

Young, fresh from college, cocksure and self-confident, I had moved from one interesting assignment to another, always turning right side up, like a bad penny. First, it was the Military Intelligence Section, General Headquarters, A. E. F., then the International Courier Service of the American Commission to Negotiate Peace, then a trip to Rumania with Colonel Logan of the American Relief, and now to new duties with the Supreme Economic Council Mission to Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, Austria, Germany, Hungary, Jugo-Slavia and points

A group of young Polish officers in the French horizon blue of Paderewski's legions were on the train returning to Warsaw from the Polish Military Mission to Budapest, Hungary. Soon I found myself swapping cigarettes, liquor, yarns and political gossip with them as the train rumbled across the fields of Bo-

From Russia to France, Europe was rife with red revolution, famine and bloodshed-Bolsheviks in Russia, Spartacists in Germany, Bela Kun in Hungary; hungry, marauding, marching hordes everywhere-anarchy and discord reigning supreme, as newly-formed nations leered at one (Continued on page 38)



Tor God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order, to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism ; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War, to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth, to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our commadeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.

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HAT the Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina on one historic occasion is not of so much moment to Legionnaires as the hobnailed fact that it's a long time between National Conventions in Chicago. A wave of the hand brought



a boy wearing a white apron to relieve the Governor of North Carolina of cause of complaint. Come next September 25th the Windy City on the shores of Lake Michigan will open wide its arms to receive the Legion again, and it seems that all the Legion is planning to attend. Executive Vice President Phil Collins, who ran the big show in 1933 for Chicago and the whole State of Illinois, says he expects a fu!l quarter of a million delegates, members, their families and friends.

Now here is a picture of Chicago's Mayor, Edward J. Kelly (host in 1933, and a veteran of Legion National Conventions) receiving Registration Card Number One from Joseph F. Bernhard (center), Chairman

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IMPORTANT

THE LEGION'S 1939 BUDGET

A form for your convenience if you wish to have the magazine sent to another address will be found on page 49. In notifying the Indianapolis address be sure to include the old address as well as the new and don't forget the number of your Post and name of Department.

of the Convention Registration Committee, while Colonel A. A. Sprague (right), President of The American Legion 1939 Convention Corporation, looks on approvingly. It will be observed that all look exceedingly pleased; no doubt they have just looked over the preliminary survey of the Housing Committee.

HOUSING an American Legion National Convention is a job that taxes the facilities of the best hoteled cities-even New York felt the strain in 1937 where the room clerks piled them in until in some places the walls of the hostelries bulged. The Chicago Housing Committee, having had past experience, started early to line up the best rooms and the most of them-before the end of February the Committee was able to report ten thousand rooms reserved in thirty-one hotels, and more to come.

Just another word about rooms at Chicago—that question always bothers the old-time conventionnaires-and we'll let Vice President Phil Collins say it: "Right down in Chicago's very heart of things there are more than seventeen thousand centralized first class guest rooms. And out just a bit, along the shores of Lake Michigan or near the parks, there are just as many more. All in all, Chicago can handle four hundred thousand guests every day in the year."

San Francisco has its Treasure Island; New York its World of Tomorrow, but Chicago will have the Twenty-First National Convention of The American Legion. The dates are September 25th through the 28th.

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THE TAXES OF THE BREWING INDUSTRY!

The Treasury Department shows expenditures of 326 million dollars for the Civilian Conservation Corps for the fiscal year of 1938. The brewing industry pays over a million dollars a day in taxes.

What Beer contributes to the re-building of America would fill a great volume

Over 400 million dollars in taxes every year. Over 1,000,000 jobs. A market for 3,000,000 farm acres of produce.

The browing industry would like to preserve for itself and the people the many benefits it has created in the past five years.

Brewers everywhere realize that this is a question bound up with the proper distribution of their mild and wholesome beverage through retail outlets whose character will be a credit to the community. Obviously, the brewers can enforce no laws. But they can—and will—cooperate with the law-enforcement authorities.

They will cooperate with every group—friend or critic—to the end that retail beer outlets give no offense to anyone.

Strict local self-regulation

In fact, in the typically American state of Nebraska, they have been trying out a new idea: a program to "clean up or close up" law-violating beer outlets.

The plan is one of strict local self-regulation, earried out in

eonjunction with local law-enforeement authorities. We believe it holds great promise. We plan to extend it gradually, yet widely; a few states this year, a few more states next year, as our facilities permit.

If you, yourself, enjoy beer ... a mild, wholesome pleasure, and a privilege for the people ... then perhaps you'd like to know about this plan.

But if you're a critic—particularly if you're a critie—we'd like you to understand the plan.

SENT FREE ON REQUEST: A booklet giving interesting facts about beer, and discussing the brewers' self-regulatory program. Address: United Brewers Industrial Foundation, Dept. D, 21 East 40th St., New York.

Beer...a Beverage of Moderation

Quick! Easy! Spick-and-Span Shaves with This

Gillette Blade at ½ Price!

New Kind of Edges on the Easy-Flexing New Thin Gillette Blade Give You Good-Looking, Refreshing Shaves Every Time

> 4for 0 C 8 for 19c

GENUINE shaving comfort at rock-bottom cost! That's what the new Thin Gillette Blade gives you. Making full use of its world-renowned facilities Gillette has produced a top-quality razor blade that sells at 10c for 4—the lowest price in Gillette's history. The Thin Gillette gives quicker, easier, better-looking shaves . . . protects your face from smart and irritation caused by misfit blades. Cutting edges of an entirely new kind, honed on steel hard enough to cut glass, assure these and other important benefits. Buy a package of Thin Gillette Blades from your dealer today. You'll like them and save money.



Gillette Has What It Takes to Make the World's Finest Razor Blades

It takes what Gillette alone has to produce razor blades of true Gillette quality. That means a world of resources, equipment that cost a fortune and years of knowing how. We could tell you a lot about scientific processes

and laboratory quality control, but the facts are these—and you can prove them yourself—Gillette Blades give you far more shaving comfort and satisfaction for your money always. No wonder Gillette is famous the world over.

You Men Who Want Utmost Shaving Luxury of Course Demand...

The Gillette Blue Blade



THERE'S one best in everything. Among razor blades, based on world preference, it's the Gillette Blue Blade. This heavy-duty blade gives immaculate, comfortable shaves that make your face look and feel its best. Every man can afford this luxury—for it costs less than one cent a day. When you ask for Gillette Blue Blades your

for Gillette Blue Blades your dealer knows you take pride in buying the best! Get a package of these superior blades today.





TOM SAYRES



AUBREY B. GRANTHAM



STARR G. COOPER

WINNERS in the \$1500 PRIZE CONTEST FOR LEGIONNAIRES

HIS magazine is pleased to announce the names of the winners in the \$1,500 Prize Contest for articles and stories submitted by Legionnaires in the competition which closed on January 16th. The first announcement of the contest was made in the October, 1938, number; no limitation was put upon the subject matter, the contestants were free to select their own subject and method of presentation—fact articles, essays or fiction. The only limitation was that which was placed upon length -2,000 words for articles and 3,000 for fiction.

Legionnaire writers responded to the invitation with enthusiasm and in numbers far beyond the highest expectationsmore than 5,000 of them sent in a total exceeding 7,000 manuscripts—all sorts, all sizes, all lengths, and covering almost every conceivable subject. Members of

the editorial staff, acting in the ex-officio capacity as judges of the contest, found it a difficult task to read, classify and adjudge the thousands of pieces, and through a process of reading and rereading winnow eight prize winners.

The first place manuscript, "The King's Doughboy," by Tom Sayres, a bit of fiction reminiscent of the brave old days of twenty years ago, is printed in this number. The other prize winning stories will appear from time to time, at least one each month until the list has been completed.

Second place goes to Aubrey B. Grantham for his story, "The Inside Curve," a dramatic piece of fiction with a highway safety angle.

Third prize goes to Starr G. Cooper for his fact story, "Mine Eyes Have Seen," an incident at Camp Lee in the winter of 1917. Of the five \$100 prizes,

George T. Armitage writes of the Russian children and American soldiers in Siberia; Thomas E. Stockhouse interprets the Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion; Joseph G. Gleeson tells a first-hand story of front-line service in France; Earle C. Jameson has a pleasing story of a wartime dumb cluck who was not so dumb, and F. T. Woodings relates his personal experience in a battle against one of the greatest enemies of the human race.

The American Legion Magazine congratulates these winners, and extends its thanks to the thousands of others who entered into the competition and submitted pieces of original work. It also congratulates itself upon this test of the writing strength of the Legion, and will be able to draw upon the great reserve of non-prize-winning manuscripts for

many months to come.

SECOND PRIZE \$300

AUBREY B. GRANTHAM Douglaston, New York "THE INSIDE CURVE" Member John Purroy Mitchel Post, New York City

> GEORGE T. ARMITAGE Honolulu, Hawaii Member Honolulu Post

THOMAS E. BROCKHOUSE Los Angeles, California Member Schoolmasters Post

FIRST PRIZE \$500

TOM SAYRES, Detroit, Michigan

"THE KING'S DOUGHBOY" Member Sherman-Elvin Post, Bad Axe, Michigan



FIVE \$100 PRIZES

Joseph J. Gleeson Ford City, Pennsylvania Member Allied Post, Ford City

THIRD PRIZE \$200

STARR G. COOPER St. Petersburg, Florida "MINE EYES HAVE SEEN" Member St. Petersburg Post

EARLE C. JAMESON Kaloloch, Washington Member Sawtelle (California) Post

F. T. Woodings Catonsville, Maryland Member North East Post, Catonsville

The KING'S

By TOM SAYRES

LF TURNER had been out of the regular United States Army just long enough to realize what real comradeship he had known in it, when war burst upon Europe... and drums began to roll over the British Empire.

The American ex-doughboy was in the Canadian Northwest in August, 1914 . . . and climbed into the first boxcar jolting toward Toronto.

So Alf Turner became an "original Princess Pat," a true and trusted soldier of His Majesty the King. And he reached the Western Front before gas masks became standard equipment.

For three years he marched and fought—he did not bleed, his number wasn't up—under the Union Jack; while in his heart he was longing to look up and see the Stars and Stripes.

For three years he arose and stiffened at and respected "God Save the King!"

FIRST-PRIZE WINNER

while he was longing to hear again "The Star Spangled Banner."

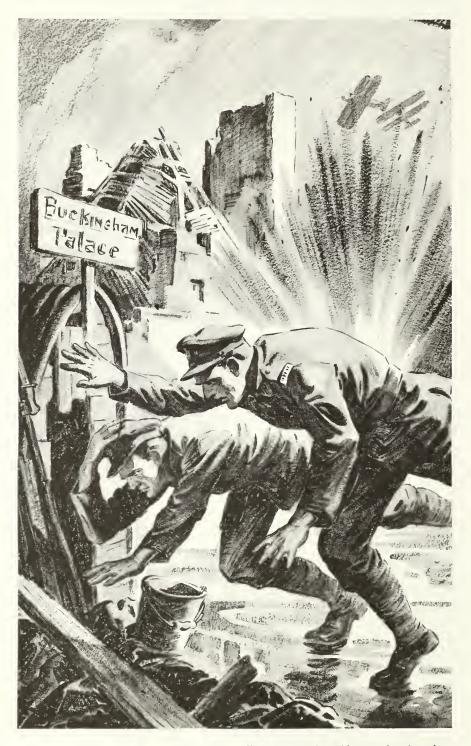
And for three years he wheeled and turned and pivoted at the command "Form fours!" while he was aching to hear "Squads right! Yo!"

Private Turner, in the loose khaki of the Canadian Corps, was still the bluetrousered American doughboy. For the heart of him was "Yank."

Long before the change in technique of wooing opportunity and francs began in the C. E. F., Private Turner itched to exchange the "Housey! Housey! Housey!" cries of his Canadian companions for the "Shoot the works!" and the "Fade!" watchwords of his former American Army comrades.

So, for three years, apparently and outwardly, Alf Turner became Canadian—almost, even, a "Tommy." But under his tan and tunic, he was really nothing but a "Yank."

THEN came April, 1017; the roll of drums down Broadway; the flashing of new flags on Fifth Avenue. Private Turner, far overseas, squatting in the mud of Europe, polished his dice . . . and



waited, gleefully, hopefully, impatiently.

And they came—first as "Sammies," then as the "Yanks." And "Over There" blared along hundreds of roads in lower France.

But Private Turner, grieving his lonely heart out in northern France and Belgium, didn't hear those new bands. The American Expeditionary Force was concentrating and forming its own army "farther south." Always the American Army was "farther south."

Strains of "Over There" reached Belgium—where Alf was. Only occasionally, back by the base, did the Stars and Stripes flash from tall flagpoles in the clean dawn. Private Turner did not see such flashes. He was up in the mud of the front.

He was up in the mud of the front

DOUGHBOY



With a roar and a clatter, the rattat-tat of machine guns and explosions of small bombs the attackers swept over the camp—and were gone

Private Turner bet on it—and kept his credit good. There were rumors that the Yank Army was not paid every ten days, that some units were months behind. Private Turner could not verify these scandals.

But even though it took a long time in "Housey"—a glorified sort of "Lotto" or "Bingo"—to lose ten days' pay it could be done.

It was done by Private Turner.

Two times he was "taken" on the same day for every franc he and his personal chums could muster from combined trouser and tunic pockets. So he was totally bereft of resources.

Twenty payless days—without a sou—without even an English ha'penny in his pocket! Private Turner paled at the realization.

And it happened when his outfit was "out on rest" for an indefinite period . . . waiting and waiting and waiting . . . for the Big Attack . . . somewhere along their Front,

up north there in Belgium.

Private Turner's life became an unending aching . . . an unendurable longing . . . a vast desiring . . . for that which he could not quench . . . because he had given the means and the hope of such quenching as a hostage to fortune . . . and no other means or hope would be available for twenty payless days.

Fifteen days passed.

waiting for the big brown men of his own Army—the Army he belonged to in his heart—to come up.

And still they didn't come up where he was. They were fighting, now; but still always "farther south."

And Private Turner put away his pets and took again disconsolately to "Housey!" But his heart was not in this game. It took too long for a man to win—or lose—anything; francs—a pair of boots—a prized souvenir de guerre—such as a captured pair of field glasses, for instance—or even ten days' pay. For the Canadian Army was paid every ten days. You could count on it—and bet on it.

Illustrations by V. E. PYLES

Then suddenly the Yanks came up. Turner didn't see them, but everybody knew it was so.

Private Turner, aghast at the mockery of the first report, could only stare in silence when the rumor was confirmed.

When he believed it, he sat greedily in the mud and masticated the details . . . the particulars . . . pumping the man who brought in the news.

It was really a Yank outfit, the man said. He had heard them talking.

They had come up in the night; and were encamped—embedded in the mud, that is—next to the Canadian outfit. They were a happy crowd, he said, and

their camp was full of music—mouth organs, a band, even banjoes. But they hadn't been paid in six months.

Alf listened open-mouthed—his eyes shining with a rare gleam—as he digested the details of the coming of the long-awaited Yanks.

A smile worked its way over his leathery face; he was beginning—for the first time in days—to look happy again.

And as he listened, greedily, expectantly, he began to lace his boots . . . and to look about his funk hole . . . at the edge of the Canadian camp . . . for his puttees.

The Belgian prairie upon which the

Canadian outfit had been bivouacked and emburrowed in mud while "out on rest" during Private Turner's past fifteen payless days and upon which the American outfit had now suddenly and mysteriously appeared as next door neighbors—or fellow prairie dogs—was as desolate a stretch of slime as lay anywhere behind the northern sector of the Western Front.

If any city planner or civic housing committee had suggested that a thousand men could find even temporary living quarters on such a quagmire and could spend over a fortnight "on rest" in such quicksoil, Civilization would have felt insulted.

But when the staff of the B. E. F. stuck pins in a map, the pins representing billets and camp spots of outfits of from 200 to 200,000 men (and horses), the pins stayed stuck; and the men (and horses) had to take it.

If the men were from the Colonies—pioneers, plainsmen and homesteaders or their sons, as the British Colonial troops were—they made the best of it.

THEY went to work like gophers, burrowing into the mud, "scrounging" from nowhere amazing material for weather protection, and rigging out of the nothingness of the Picardy plains temporary comfort.

Twenty-four hours after the Canadian outfit had been dumped onto the dreary quagmire behind the brooding line for an indefinite period of recuperation and had disappeared underground, it had reappeared cheerily as a "City of Homes," even a metropolis.

Nay, more than that. Each pair or squad of men had reappeared as proud possessors of a private palace, or tenants of a grand hotel—even as members of a theatrical company which had taken possession of a London theatre for a long run.

For so a maze of decorated signs soon proclaimed. Over funk holes of mud, from rubber-sheeted bivouacs, out of slimy shell holes, and from mounds of all shapes, appeared the posts and the identifying titles of the new homes and edifices of the mud-buried men of the C. E. F. outfit.

Sticking out of the mire everywhere were signs announcing that this rat hole was Buckingham Palace; that this prairie dog diggin's was The Ritz and that that one was the Savoy Hotel; while a veritable "Gay White Way" of London's theatrical district appeared in the mud maze of earthy hovels and ditches identified by signs as The Gaiety, The Palladium, The Haymarket Theatre and others. Nor was Trafalgar Square and The Strand—even The Riviera—missing from the beaver-like village which rose from the mud.

Such was the wasteland where the Canadian outfit was spending part of its indeterminate sentence out on rest.

Such had been the desolate abode of Private Turner during his past fifteen days without pay and without prospects;



fifteen days of mountingly fierce desire, of an increasingly gnawing longing, of a horribly aching want.

IT WAS at this period that the Yanks appeared. And Private Turner, voraciously verifying the report, and drawing on his boots and winding his dress puttees formally and

caressingly around his impatient legs, made plans.

But the best laid plans of mice and men, in peace time, and of generals and privates-especially of privates-in war time, "gang aft agley."

So it was with Private Turner's plans.

For on the day which he had consecrated to visiting the American camp as an International Gesture of Good Will and as one Yank to many, something happened, something which was a part of the tragic horror of war.

Enemy planes located the Canadian outfit embedded in the bog behind the line and the enemy air staff, also sticking pins into a map, decided to blot the encampment out of existence. Perhaps the enemy air staff didn't like the color of the pins which marked the

location of Private Turner's outfit. But they didn't tell Private Turner that.

Instead, swift planes hovering behind low, floating clouds drifting innocently toward the unsuspecting Canadian camp, suddenly swooped clear of the camouflage and roared down upon the human ant hills from which grinning faces had peered up into laughing eyes of comrades without thought of death for the past two weeks.

At sound of the planes darting out of the sky toward them, the men in the mud scurried like the human beavers



Canadian Corps, but a Yank at heart

they were for their holes, though they knew that nothing but rubber ground sheets turned into roofs would be between most of them and the spitting machine guns and dropping bombs of the air raiders.

Some dived for lumber-and-tin-protected funk holes; some for open-to-thesky shell craters; others ran for the open plains.

With a roar and a clatter and a great swooping of wide wings—with the rattat-tat of crackling machine guns and the ear-splitting explosions of small bombs bursting the ears of the scattering mud-dwellers—the attacking squadron swept low over the Canadian camp . . . and was gone.

Rifle and revolver shots from reappearing marksmen throughout the mound village were wasted.

The planes disappeared into the sky.

IT WAS not until next day that they located Private Turner.

For hours through the night and into the morning his comrades had searched for him—or for pieces of him.

Even the regimental sergeant major joined in the quest.

By some weird streak of fortune, or of expert mud and shell hole diving, nobody else in the Canadian camp had been hitso far as could be determined. And all had been accounted for except Private Turner.

Rigid search had been made for him after the planes had gone. Water-filled shell holes had been prodded for his body; funk holes had been explored; bivouacs ransacked; debris cleared. Men with shovels had unearthed every pile of bomb-ind-bullet-twisted muck which might have contained his buried body.

Officers, fearing he had been struck by a direct hit of a bomb—and knowing what that would do to flesh and bones ordered a minute search for particles which might once have been a man.

Fine bits of flashing particles which might have been his ring or part of his equipment were carefully examined.

But Private Turner had been sunk without a trace.

It had been that way before with men on the Western Front.

MEN and officers alike mourned in stiff silence, or in gruff monotones. Resentment was mixed with genuine grief.

For Private Turner had been a symbol in the outfit—a symbol of immunity. In the war and at the front for over three years, in the fore of the fighting, in attack and defense, in breaking lines and in holding them, amid bomb and bullet, gas and shell, fever and frozen feet, Private Turner had been immune.

"He was born to be hanged," his chums had said. But they did not say that now.

"Turner has the devil protecting him," his officers had said. But they did not say that now.

"Send Turner; he'll come back!" his sergeants had said when the Officer Commanding had wanted information on a night raid. But now the sergeants did not joke about him.

"You can't kill him," the regimental sergeant major had often said, sarcastically, "he's too (Continued on page 42)

Cartoon bij JOHN CASSEL

HE National League uses the Spalding ball, the American League the Reach.

The difference exists only in the labels and the stitching and in the imagination of pitchers, infielders and hitters who argue that one or the other has a tighter cover and comes back faster and takes more angular hops when slapped in the belly with a bat

Both balls are manufactured by the same management, but in separate plants, and the popular superstition that they are rivals, each with virtues and faults not found in the other, applies also to the two great anti-American isms, communism and nazi-fascism. These two are, in fact, only one ism, to wit, bolshevism. The difference between them is no greater than the difference between the Spalding ball and the Reach. The pretentious intellectual opposition between them is no more real than the ear-splitting, if not side-splitting, mock feuds between radio comics. It is just an act.

Yet, nazi-fascism, or Hitler bolshevism, is the more dangerous to American freedom and internal peace at the moment and to the political and economic system under which we were born. The communists are always the aggressors and nazi-fascism, in every case, has been the retaliation.

The communists nag and insult decent Americans, badger and persecute men and women for trying to make an honest living or lay up a dollar, sneer at native traditions and loyalties and invoke their constitutional rights to protect themselves while they work to destroy the Constitution. It is just as though a stick-up team were to demand, and receive,



WHAT STRANGE

a police guard to prevent the victims from offering resistance.

An American citizen joins a union, let us say, with the idea of increasing his own wages or those of his fellow workmen in the lower brackets who seem to need his support, and of exacting shorter hours and better conditions. Those are fair, honest objectives. But, pretty soon, he discovers that a disciplined clique of communists are always in control of the union meetings. Somehow, they always have the floor and they orate endlessly on petty parliamentary issues and points of procedure, dragging the sessions out

until all hours. A man wants to go home and catch a little sleep. He has to get up in the morning. All this wrangling and Mister Chairmaning seems unimportant to him and presently he finds that he is neglecting to show up for meetings. Anyway, his wife wants to go to the movies once in a while.

But the communists are not forgetting to show up. They are political soldiers in the ranks of a foreign army in a war of sabotage and sedition. They have to show up. Otherwise they'd be put on report with the Party and disciplined for refusing duty. And, while the Americans are away, the communists may vote a strike or pass resolutions committing the Americans to the support of the communist position on issues having nothing to do with the affairs of the union. They take lessons in parliamentary trickery to make suckers of inarticulate men.

During working hours in the shop the communists will stall and hold back and make life hell for peaceful, ambitious workmen. If the company fires a bolshevik for any cause, the communists will claim that he was fired for union activity and threaten to call a strike. In the event



against their ill-used fellow-toiler, knowing him for what he is, and wishing he could be fired for the peace of those who really want to work and protect their homes, they will hear themselves reviled as traitors to their class, deserters to the enemy and rats, scabs and finks.

Any time a communist can show that he helped bring about a strike and throw Americans out of work, thus causing distress which tends to cause public disorder and throw an American company into bankruptcy, he's credited on his service record for a skirmish, raid or engagement. These credits add up and presently he may get a commission from Moscow for distinguished service in the war of sabotage and sedition.

But, in every European country where they have made their offensive since Russia, the communists have been rolled back and smashed by the counter-offensive of fascism or nazism. Herbert Hoover, whose worst enemy will concede that he knows something about the post-war history of Europe, points out that the communists, by their bloody provocations and arrogance and the foreign mien of their boss provocateurs, have been responsible for the rise of nazi-fascism, or national bolshevism, wherever they have tried an offensive. But for them, democracy might have had a chance over there.

Incidentally, although the communists anywhere always include native traitors of the country under attack and some American communists can back-track to the American Revolution, it is correct to classify them as foreign enemies. They are members of a political army with headquarters in Moscow.

In this country, the great danger is that exasperation may drive the Americans to violent retaliation and

BEDFELLOWS!

of a strike, the Americans will have to go out and lose pay and, perhaps, cripple or even kill off an American company which provides jobs for Americans, all in the interest of an individual whom they may hate as a conspirator against their peace and security. Communists try to prevent peaceful settlements. Their one policy is to strike because strikes cause unemployment, distress and strife and tend to damage the companies which provide jobs.

To prevent a strike and protect their jobs, the Americans must be careful to caucus and canvass before the meetings

WESTBROOK PEGLER

and stay until adjournment even though the communists drag the proceedings out until dawn and, by parliamentary sleight-of-hand, stall off the vote from night to night in the hope of exhausting them. If the Americans present a bloc suspension of the constitutional rights of the communists. But if we ever permit our anger to drive us to that we will find, when we wipe the blood out of our eyes, that we have killed our own freedom in the heat of the brawl.

The day that we suppress the expression of offensive opinion in speech or print, lock up the communists to still their sneering clamor or disqualify even the most ornery and hateful of them on religious or political grounds, we turn nazi-fascist ourselves and go bolshevik. Communism is a matter of deliberation and decision, but (Continued on page 54)

SHORT CIRCUIT

PETER B.Kyne

ISS MILLICENT JARVIS, stewardess in the employ of Amalgamated Air Lines, always impressed the passengers as a young woman who emanated an aura of happiness. However, this was merely "the show must go on" spirit manifesting itself, for Miss Jarvis carried a heavy heart, and all because she was in love with Mr. Martin Reeves, pilot in the employ of the Amalgamated—had been for six months. And Mr. Reeves did not reciprocate.

At least he had never given the slightest intimation that Millie was any dearer to him than half a dozen other stewardesses, and there were times when Millie thought he treated her almost shamefully, for Platonic friendship is repulsive in the case of a girl like Millie, who since her teens had been well aware of her attractiveness to men and the ease with which she could have snared any number of the goofs, had she been sufficiently interested to try. Marty Reeves was the only man who had ever stirred her—and he wasn't interested in giving her a good stirring, even for the sake of mildly amusing himself.

At first Millie thought she had been guilty of falling in love with a happily married man, but a little discreet detective work developed the fact that not only was Mr. Reeves unmarried but he had never been married. The only other facts concerning the big piece of bad news was that he was a West Point graduate, and also a graduate of the army flying school at Kelly Field, Texas, which never turns out a ham flyer; that he had risen to a first lieutenancy in the Army and had resigned to enter commercial aviation, attracted thereto, no doubt, by less arduous service and much greater pay.

Millie was always remembering—and





had gone forward to insert this card in the metal frame screwed to the bulkhead between the cockpit and the cabin. The cards of the pilot and co-pilot were already there and Millie read them with mild interest: M. Reeves, Pilot; J. Burton, Co-pilot.

A very soft yet deep and resonant voice said over her shoulder: "Good morning, Miss Jarvis." Millie turned and beheld the pilot and co-pilot standing in the aisle waiting for her to step out of their way and permit them to enter the door leading into the corridor that gave access to the cockpit.

"So sorry to be an obstructor of traffic," Millie replied. "Good morning Mr.——"

"I'm Marty Reeves and your other admirer is Jim Burton," the speaker informed her. He looked Millie over for about five seconds and then favored Jim

"I am the Angel Gabriel!" he shouted as he shot once through the roof

Burton with an approving nod, which Mr. Burton gravely returned, murmuring: "Rookie!"

"Undoubtedly, Jim. Well, at Salt Lake we'll take her to dinner and I'll deliver my customary lecture on the ideals of the service." He staggered Millie with a crinkly smile. "In the Army, Miss Jarvis, a rookie soldier cannot, theoretically, commit a breach of discipline until after his commanding officer has read, or has caused to be read, to him the Articles of War. Up until that time he is a military ignoramus. Jim and I are old

Illustrations by J.W.SCHLAIKJER army pilots and military discipline is enforced on this ship. Do you know Rule 1?"

"The passenger is always right," Millie answered promptly, and added: "I made that one up—just like that!"

The two pilots again exchanged approving nods. "I think," said Jim Burton, "that we ought to decorate her. She appears to me to be tops in stewardesses."

Mr. Reeves brought forth a yellow metal disk, pendant from a red ribbon and a clasp, and pinned it to Millie's blouse. Then he and Jim Burton came to attention and saluted her gravely. "So sorry we're not French," Marty Reeves complained.

"Why?"

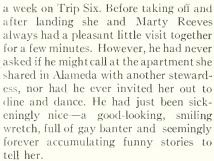
"Because a French commanding officer always kisses the person he decorates busses his victim on each cheek." He bent and looked out the window toward the passenger gangway. "Here they come," he said. "Get back on your station, Miss Jarvis, just inside the door, and smile as they come aboard."

He stepped aside and as Millie went aft he and Jim Burton disappeared forward. Millie removed the medal, and discovered it was a convention badge of the National Cattle-Growers' Association. He's a darling, she thought, and the first sight of him has done things to me.

Marty Reeves and Jim Burton had taken her to dinner that night in Salt Lake City. And Mr. Reeves had delivered his lecture on the ideals of the service. It was a very brief lecture, however. He told her that if the ship should ever seem to be in trouble and she failed to keep her chin up or even permitted her paid smile to congeal in a grimace of fright, thereafter he and Jim Burton must decline to speak to her. After dinner they had taken her to a movie—and that was the only time he had showed her the

slightest social attention in their off hours. From Jim Burton she had been immune. Jim was a married man, with two children.

For the first six months of her service she had flown with him on an average of thrice



After six months Millie abandoned hope. No soap, she told herself. Flying with Marty Reeves was just a round of suffering and she was about to resign, in the hope that freedom from her triweekly contact with him might conduce to forgetfulness, when she was transferred from the San Francisco-Salt Lake run to the San Francisco-Seattle run. For three months she did not see Marty Reeves and every day, for three months, she rose with the feeling that there was much to be said in favor of a damp, malarial grave. Then Amalgamated put into service on the trans-continental run the new twenty-one passenger transports they called Sky Liners. The company was very proud of this new and modern equipment and would entrust the Sky Liners to none but its best pilots. Evidently, too, the general traffic manager came to the conclusion that the Sky Liners rated the company's most charming, good-looking and capable stewardesses, for Millie was taken off the San Francisco-Seattle run and assigned to old Trip Six on a Sky Liner.

The first time she went forward to insert her name card in the metal holder she thought she must faint with joy that was almost pain. Marty Reeves was the pilot and Jim Burton was the co-pilot!

She was back in the galley, with the door ajar, when somebody knocked on the door and in popped Marty Reeves, both hands outstretched in welcome. "Oh, Millie," he cried, "I've missed you terribly! Welcome back!" He held her

hands and gazed down at her. He was, undoubtedly, pleased.

"I could have been found," Millie protested.

"Our schedules were all cock-eyed—and I've been six weeks on the Salt Lake City-Laramie run."

"You might have sent me a picture post-card." He had called her Millie, for the first time—and on duty, too, and she was so happy about it she wondered how the words came tumbling out. She wondered, too, why she had to chide him when she was so happy to be back on the job with him.

He dodged that one. "Listen, Millie," he said conf dentially. "I have a secret to unload on you. Remember the first day we met and I decorated you?"

"Yes." Millie yearned to assure him she would never, never part with that

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precious decoration, but remembered in time that the present was not a propitious occasion for such a confidence.

"I have since discovered there is French blood in me, Millie. My great grandfather was a Frog." And before she could dodge he had kissed her thrice—once on each cheek and once on the lips. "I'll be seeing you," he said and fled forward.

Millie was not deceived. She knew he was not a he-flirt but she also knew his gay, unctuous humor, his genuine friendliness. He had been glad to see her back and he had not hesitated to say so and even to demonstrate his gladness in this unusual manner. He was one of those curses of the sex—a good pal!

WHEN Millie came down to the airport at Salt Lake the following morning she saw Marty Reeves seated on a baggage truck out front and very much against her will her rebellious legs carried her over to him. It lacked five minutes before the Sky Liner from Cheyenne would drop in to be picked up

by Marty and his crew and flown on over the Sierra Nevada mountains to San Francisco, so Millie hoped for a fiveminute uninterrupted visit. Just as she reached him the siren in the tower signaled the approach of the ship and Marty, with his eyes on the silver dot over the Wasatch range, tossed her one brief look and said: "How about dining and dancing in San Francisco tonight, Millie?"

Millie wanted to give three cheers but managed to restrain herself. Why (she reflected) should she subject herself to unnecessary suffering in order to give this undeniably nice man a pleasant evening? "I'm sorry, Marty," she fibbed, "but I have another engagement."

He scowled a little and left her to go to the operations office.

After the ship took off she stowed hats and coats, inspected the safety belts, proffered cigarettes, chewing gum and magazines to the passengers and retired to her seat at the tiny desk in the rear of the passenger department to make up her records.

They had just crossed the Utah-California line when a man stepped out in the aisle, drew a pistol and shot once through the cabin roof. "I am the Angel Gabriel!" he shouted, "and you're all going to hell with me to see me fight the devil!"

Millie pressed a button on her desk, which caused a bell to ring in the cockpit; then she picked up the telephone, her sole means of communication with the cockpit. Jim Burton answered.

"Jim," she said softly, "a passenger has just gone violently insane. He has fired a pistol shot through the roof and says he is the Angel Gabriel and is going to take us all to hell with him to see him fight the devil."

"Where in the ship is he and how is he facing?"

"He is standing probably four feet from the door leading from the corridor and he is facing toward the rear of the ship."

"I'll take him, Millie. Cheerio."

In about ten seconds the door leading from the cockpit corridor to the passenger compartment opened silently. But Marty Reeves emerged (*Continued on page 46*)

Destiny— DONS WINGS

IIIS is the popular picture created of the impending air warfare in Europe, so dread that normal minds reject it:

The diplomatic crisis this time abruptly ends in war. Immediately vast and mighty air armadas fill the skies, loosing death and destruction on the capitals. As buildings new and ancient topple in ruins before the impact of blasting projectiles, the civil popula-

ancient topple in ruins before the impact of blasting projectiles, the civil populations, clutching at throats in awful strangulation under a rain of lethal bombs, expire in choking horror while pitiful survivors, grotesque in hideous gas-masks, grope amid the shambles towards safety.

Such a nightmare fortunately is not based in logic or truth and if ever there was a group which, judging future probabilities by past experience, has reason to take such predictions with great gobs of

SAMUEL TAYLOR MOORE

terruption by Allied planes. While basically true, such memories are not in focus. Instead of "darkening the skies," actually only a thousand American pilots, flying chiefly Allied-built planes, flew on the several fronts—American, British, French, Italian. That small total was engaged principally in offensive missions, bombing and strafing the enemy in and behind his lines. Planes for defense of ground forces on our own side of the lines were lacking. The record of the comparative handful of American flyers needs no defense. Put quite simply, it was splendid.

opening of this article is badly distorted, the reasonable probabilities are grim enough.

Now the key to the Peace of Munich often has been described as bluff. In the sense that war did not eventuate no one may say with authority what might have been the outcome had England and France stood firm. It is of course quite possible that

firm. It is of course quite possible that the Berlin-Rome axis would have broken, that the totalitarian states would have suffered swift and overwhelming defeat. This much is undeniable. Nazi Germany's tiny post-war navy and Italy's swiftly expanding fleet together were emphatically out-powered by the British and French navies.

Disregarding possible soviet aid, the ground forces of France, Britain, Czecho-Slovakia preponderantly outnumbered any nazi-fascist combination. Wherefore

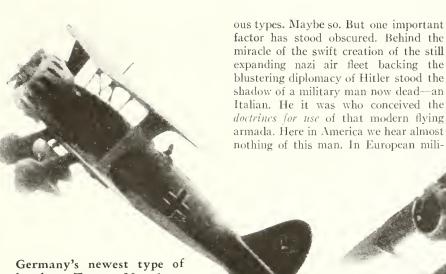


skepticism it is the members of America's World War armed forces.

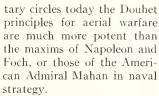
From the declaration repeatedly we were told that American planes soon would "darken the skies of the Western Front." Against that picturesque phrase, recollections of most A. E. F. ground combatants is that enemy planes strafed them at will, and enemy bombers dropped their tail-gates in the rear with little in-

To Englishmen the gas mask became more important than even an umbrella during the Munich conference last September

Doughboy recollections of the part played by aircraft in the World War today are outmoded. Impending in the powder-keg that is present-day Europe, while the gruesome picture painted in the the might behind the razi bluff, if bluff it was, is represented by air power. Never in history had a nation armed so quickly and so cheaply to dominate Europe as had the nazis. There are those who still maintain that the six thousand superior military aircraft attributed to Germany in late September represented gross exaggeration both as to numbers and performance of the vari-



Germany's newest type of bomber, Terror No. 1 to civilian populations. Below, Bleriot's crossing of the English Channel in 1909, marking the end of Britain's historic isolation from the Continent



What of this man whose doctrines are the base of all Europe's present dread?

Giulio Douhet, who for vears filled the rôle of "bad boy" among Italian admirals and generals much as the late General William Mitchell bedeviled our own naval and military leaders, emerged as a radical exponent of the potentialities of aircraft in warfare so far back as 1913. Italy's entrance into the World War in 1915 found Douhet a 43-yearold lieutenant colonel, a staff officer on the Austrian front, outspokenly disgusted with many phases of Italian tactics, and especially critical of aviation objectives.

So harsh were his criticisms of the war administration in Rome that in 1016 he was courtmartialed, convicted, sentenced to a year's imprisonment. Before he had served his full sentence came the disaster of Caporetto. Subsequent investigation of that Italian rout revealed conditions sustaining the criticisms of Douhet in such eloquent detail that not only was he restored to active servicehe was promoted to head the Central Bureau of Aeronautics. But there was not time to build the planes and train the personnel to test his air-war theories in practice before the Armistice came. With the end of hostilities he resigned from the service, only to be recalled with promotion to the rank of general and charged with building the new Italian Air Force.

Air advocates of other armies and navies abroad, as well as our own General Mitchell, had similar ideas for the strategic use of air forces in the next war based on an independent air army as a first line of offense, but General Douhet, by reason of having systematically reduced his ideas to print and in the language of military science, is generally regarded as the father of modern air warfare.

Land forces, he postulated, by reason of their mass and supply problems are prohibited from rapid movement, while handicaps of terrain, communications and undergound defenses of enemies have now restricted ground troops to defensive functions. Certainly in the probable stalemate of land armies represented by the Maginot Line and similar super-trench systems along European borders that contention is tenable.

As for navies, he maintained that as defensive mines and submarines may prevent a fleet from destroying land-bases by shell-fire, as opposing fleets may avoid a decisive battle from behind protective barriers, as was the case in the World War, the important naval function of a starvation blockade becomes a wearisome task conceivably extending for years. Wherefore, he stated, navies too must be regarded (Continued on page 50)



WITH FREEDOM'S HOLY LIGHT

HERE is more distinction in being an American citizen today than at any period in our history. The ideals of Democracy are being put to a new test and it is a test that places upon us a great responsibility. Lincoln in his Gettysburg Address, delivered at a critical time in our history, said:

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation or any other nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure.

The crisis that compelled him to make this solemn declaration was one that concerned a threatening danger within the Republic itself. It was a danger that threatened the unity of the States under one federal system. Since that crisis was passed this nation has grown to such proportions that it holds a place today that gives it primacy among the nations of the world.

There is now a new situation and a grave one that faces our American system. It is not so much one that grows out of internal conditions; it is rather the result of new ideologies and systems of government that have come into being in various parts of the world since the close of the great war. We would seem to be immune to these new systems; the very magnitude of our estate and its isolation protects it from any invasion of influences inimical to its interests.

Under conditions that obtained fifty vears ago this would have been true, but it is not true today. The great war changed the map of the world. Along with this, the astounding advances of science and invention have made such close contacts possible between all races and peoples that we cannot, if we would, live in proud isolation. This conception of complete independence and freedom from entangling alliances is not as possible as it once was. Happily the people of America have given ample demonstration of their readiness to share, so far as they may and consistent with their ideals, those large human interests that concern the weal and happiness, as well as the woes and misfortunes, of the peoples of every land. With pride we may consistently affirm the open handed generosity

By

BISHOP JAMES E. FREEMAN

of our nation. Our generosity has not always received a just and generous acknowledgment. Instead of lessening, it has resulted in increasing the tension between this country and obligated nations.

This is not the occasion, however, for our concern today. If it were it would be easy of adjustment. The testing of our experiment as a great democracy proceeds from subtle and more malign forces that are seeking to promote here, such a spirit of unrest and dissatisfaction with the existing political, economic and social order, as would radically change our whole system and bring us ultimately under the domination of a dictator and a totalitarian form of government. It would ruthlessly sweep away our ideals, our independence, our self-governing institutions and reduce the democracy as a whole to a regimented, militaristic state.

The Rt. Rev. James E. Freeman, D.D., LL.D., D.C.L., Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Washington, D. C., is a Chaplain in the Officers' Reserve Corps, United States Army, with the rank of Major

If ever eternal vigilance was the price of liberty, that time is now at hand. Said a foreign visitor to his American friend as he sailed for his homeland, now under a totalitarian system: "You will never know what it means to be free in a world in which millions are no longer free; you will never know how much you have, which you take for granted and as a matter of fact, which to tens of millions of people in Europe is so far away, so impossible of realization." Speaking with stirred emotions he continued as he spoke

of our freedom: "Watch it, watch it and hold fast to it, for there is little of it left anywhere in the world; that which is left of it is yours, yours to cherish and enjoy, yours to preserve for a day when men now in chains will be free again to demand the true bread of life—liberty."

This disillusioned citizen of a once free and powerful state was contrasting the freedom of the people of this western Republic with the regimented and controled life of his own nation. It is true that what is enjoyed here has become a rarer possession now than it was twenty-five or more years ago. The persistent and urgent question is, do we as a people cherish with deeper loyalty this priceless heritage? As citizens, have we given adequate evidence of our devotion to what we hold of American ideals and American privileges? We assume that these things are ours because we live under a flag that symbolizes them and under a system that guarantees them to us in perpetuity. We may not forget, especially at this time of world-wide changes in systems older than our own, that the peoples of European states enjoyed a like confidence up to recent years. Civil and religious liberty we have received and still enjoy and with justified pride we turn to the Bill of Rights and the Constitution. Well we may, for they are of more worth to us than our wealth and our excelling genius.

The large and pressing question is, are we as citizens of sufficient moral worth and stamina that we are ready, at any sacrifice of means and convenience, to guard them against impairment? It was the Hungarian patriot, Louis Kossuth, who years ago said as he viewed the greatness and growing strength of this nation: "If your Ship of State is ever lost, the rock upon which it will split will be the devotion of your people to their private interests at the expense of the State."

It was a solemn warning and one that we may well heed today. We too often stress what we possess of wealth and power and think too little of what it costs to preserve them. We think in terms of the extent of our estate and its apparent freedom by reason of its position, from the confusions and disorders of nations far removed from our shores. We are being compelled to realize that seeming insularity in this closely knit world is an iridescent dream. There can



"We may safely affirm that religion and patriotism are intimately and vitally related"

be no such thing as insularity today. The thunders of a so-called foreign war have their ominous repercussions here in America. The economic needs and the economic system itself bind together the peoples of the world.

A supreme need and one that is challenging us to heed it, concerns something other than our treasured wealth and our boasted genius. It is the recognition of our

moral obligations and those enduring religious principles that have been our stay through the hundred and fifty years of our existence as a nation. Those who founded the Republic and the strong leaders that led us in later years, acknowledged the dependence of the state upon Almighty God. Washington affirmed that morality and religion were the "indispensable supports" of the Republic.

When we had men who adhered to these high ideals of life we were secure from major ills. When the home and social life of our people were safeguarded from evils that weaken and destroy morale, we moved along our course serenely and with the sense of our immunity from the ills of less fortunate peoples. Our love of country was expressed in terms of our religious faith, (Continued on page 38)

KENTUCKY Goes into HIGH

OM HAYDEN is a slender, wiry Kentuckian, with the combat pilot's pucker at the corner of his narrow, blue eyes, the resilience of a rubber ball, and the energy of a man climbing a thorn tree with a wildcat under his arm. His Department Commander, Joe T. Lovett said, "Tom Hayden, that Irishman, why, he's always busier than a switch engine." When I came into Tom's office in the Memorial Auditorium at Fourth and Kentucky, Louisville, Tom was simultaneously doing three things—putting on his hat and



Joe Lovett

coat, dictating orders to a secretary and packing a brief case as if for a trip.

Scarcely interrupting his dictating, he shook hands and listened when I said that the editors of the Legion Magazine had sent me down to write a story about

BY FREDERICK C. PAINTON

colorful, romantic Kentucky and the Legionnaires of its Department.

He grinned at me and ran his fingers through a good shock of yellow hair. Tom has retained his girlish figure, while the deeper I get into the forties the thicker around the waist I become. Still grinning, he said, "Joe and I are going up to Pikeville and Ashland for district conferences. Hop in and really see Kentucky."

It was no day to start a six-hundredmile week-end tour of central and east Kentucky. The sky was dark and brooding, and leaned wearily on the church spires; it rained steadily, monotonously, drearily. But if I was going to write about Kentucky and its Legionnaires I had to go see Kentucky and its Legionnaires. So I said I'd be ready in thirty minutes. Tom said, "Make it fifteen."

At the hotel the bellboy who helped me to pack laughed and said, "You'll see plenty, all right. Why, those peckerwoods in the mountains still spell damvankee as one word."

Somehow, I managed an hour's packing in fifteen minutes and by dusk of this momentous Friday I was in Tom Hayden's car, purring toward Lexington. So then, what follows is an authentic account of what I saw of Kentucky and its Legionnaires on the damnedest cross-country jaunt I've made in twenty years. I say authentic because if it is not, a very charming guy named Arch Meredith of Jenkins has got a special deep hole in the Big Sandy River reserved for me and trained catfish to claw my hide.

It must be admitted at once that the trip encountered hard luck almost immediately. Five miles this side of Lexington where we were to pick up Joe Lovett, the department car blew two tires. The delay here was an hour and a half, and fatal; because we had to remain all night in Lexington instead of going on to Mount Sterling to sleep as we had intended. I'll explain how fatal it was after I've introduced Joe Lovett.

As tall and lean as Ol' Kaintuck himself, Joe Lovett at thirty-nine is probably

at this writing the youngest Department Commander in the Legion. He has snapping gray eyes, a boyish firm face, a charming grin, and he moves as if he had been shot out of a gun. A successful newspaperman, he knows and loves Kentucky, "the dark and bloody ground" of romance and glamor. Immediately he wanted me to know and understand his State, and would go to any trouble to assist me.

But a characteristic of Joe's (besides his utter, vigorous independence) is punctuality. He was intensely proud of



Tom Hayden

the fact that he had never been tardy at a Legion gathering and had kept every appointment faithfully. Above all he wanted to keep that record untarnished.

Now comes the conflict. The next morning being Saturday, Tom Hayden

suggested that I visit one of the famous stockfarms around Lexington where, in this rolling Blue Grass region, are bred the racing thoroughbreds of the world. I wanted to go, but Pikeville was nearly two hundred miles away, and I didn't want Joe to be tardy. He settled it himself. "We've got lots of time," he declared.

RACE TRACE BOURBON FRUIT COUNTY BELT CHURCHILL KNOX AAA **OLEXINGTON** OIL FIELDS BURLEY TOBACCO CORN FIELDS WHEAT FIELDS FIELDS MOTH 111/18/10 COAL BIRTHPLACE OF AND LUMBER JEFFERSON DAVIS TOBACCO

LATONIA

"We'll take you out to Mr. Sam Riddle's Faraway Farm to see Man o' War.'

"Sure," ' said C. N. Florence, Department Service Officer who had meantime joined us, "a Kentucky story without Blue Grass and blooded horses is like Christmas without Santa Claus."

So I interrupt this Legion narrative to visit Faraway Farm, and see what Kentuckians declare to be the greatest racehorse ever foaled. If you don't believe that just listen to Uncle Will Harbut, the negro caretaker of Big Red (Man o' War's nickname) who said he wouldn't change places with the President of the United States—and made me believe it.

Thus: "Yo' can always git you a new President of these United States; but they's only one Man o' War, and Ah's in cha'ge of him; and they ain't never

gonna be another like ole Big Red."

Before I could stop him he began to spout statistics. ''Man o' War weighs thirteen hundred and seventyfive pounds now, which is three hundred pounds heavier than he was when he won twenty-one races and 'stablished hisself as the greatest racin' horse of all times. He's sixteen and a half hands high, and he had the longest stride of any runnin' horsetwenty-eight feet. He is twenty-one yeahs old now, and sound as a nut. Lookit that neck and them legs. Not a blemish on him. Never was any APRIL, 1939

healthier, he wasn't. Reason why he ain't got no gray hairs and ain't crotchety like some studs is old Big Red, he doan get excited. He jest takes it easy-like, and doan do no frettin' and a-stewin.' I reckon he'll live to be thirty-six.

"Big Red's got two hundred and thirtysix chillen, and one hundred and seventysix is winnahs and fifty-six is stake horses. Even last year Big Red had twenty sons 'n daughters. Some of these is still weanin's-weanin's is foals what ain't got to be yearlin's yet—they all get to be yearlin's on January fust-except Big Red whose birthday is March 29th.

"Now, listen, Uncle Will," I cut in. "Maybe you never heard about Eclipse or Fashion. They were a little before our time. But War Admiral and Seabiscuit

"Ah knows what you want me to say 'n ah ain't sayin' it. Nossuh! I thinks the Admiral kin beat Seabiscuit and come them two down to Florida this wintah you'll see a different race. Admiral is Big Red's best son, and Seabiscuit is his grandson only-

Big Red, a wisp of hay in his teeth. nudged Uncle Will who, chuckling, said, "Git back, Red. Mistuh Riddle, he owns you, but I done got you. Mistuh Chandler only has to take care of Kaintucky but I got you to take care of, and you is the biggest and best they is, Red."

Uncle Will is no different from the other citizens of Lexington an' the Blue Grass region. In this land of rolling soft hills and pleasant meadowlands you live and talk and think horses; and a negro who can't read or write can tell you the pedigree of any stake horse from the

Blue Grass. (It is called Blue Grass, I am told, because in the summer the sweeping vistas of grass shimmer blue.)

This visit to Big Red was, naturally, splendid for the story of Kentucky, but it also meant almost two hours delay; so when we headed for Pikeville. all of us knew there could be no further delay. But there was!

Two hours later the third and fourth tires blew up with a toy explosion.

It gave me quite a shock because at the moment we were discussing Kentucky feuds . . . " . . . There were the Tooner (Cont. on page 44)



"Big Red," otherwise Man o' War, Kentucky's nominee for the greatest horse—any country, any time. He's in retirement at Lexington, but his descendants go right on winning

For the COMMON

BY JOHN J. NOLL

ECURITY for our beloved America is the desire in the hearts of the one million women whom you represent as delegates of the women's patriotic organizations participating in this Conference. It is the desire as well of the patriotic womanhood of all America as they hear once again the din of nations at war, and watch fear, cruelty, greed, suspicion and injustice rear high their ugly heads. Living in the world of today wherein the problem of preserving peace becomes the most difficult which civilization faces, we too are confronted with the gravest problem of our generationsecurity for America from forces which seek to destroy from within and without. The citizenry of America holds the security of this nation in their own hands, for it can be found only in an aroused, informed and intelligent public opinion."

Thus, in her address of welcome at the mass meeting in the Mayflower Hotel in Washington, D. C., late in January, Mrs. James Morris, National President of The American Legion Auxiliary, sounded the keynote for and expressed the purposes of the Fourteenth Women's Patriotic Conference on National Defense, of which she was Chairman. Her audience, which taxed the capacity of the meeting hall, was comprised of the many delegates from national women's patriotic organizations, men high in the councils of the Government, prominent Legionnaires and other interested citizens.

The Conference, as stated, was the fourteenth. Suppose we go back through the years and determine why the patriotic women of our country decided to foregather to consider the problems of national defense and to lend their aid to The American Legion and other similarminded organizations which had long been active in this cause. It is to an earlier National President of the Legion Auxiliary, Mrs. O. D. Oliphant of Trenton, New Jersey, that credit must be given for appreciating what invaluable assistance the women of America could render in supporting a sane program of national preparedness.

When I asked Mrs. Oliphant how she gained the inspiration for such a meeting at that time, she said: "During my year as National President of the Legion Auxiliary, I spent a great deal of my time at National Headquarters and each day I read in the newspapers of the travels

peace. We were to set the example and all nations would docilely follow. They urged also the slacker oath for the youth of our nation. Here was the work of militant pacifists and during that period, late in 1924, the pacifists were in a dominating position, especially among the women of America.

"The claim of that group was that they were speaking for all of the women of our nation. I knew full well that they were not speaking for the women of the Legion Auxiliary and I realized also that The American Legion could not well take

Mrs. O. D. Oliphant, Permanent Honorary Chairman and founder of the National Defense Conferences

issue with a group of women. So here was an opportunity for the Auxiliary to refute their claims. After a favorable reaction from my National Secretary,



Secretary of War Harry H. Woodring and Mrs. James Morris, Auxiliary National President, who served as Chairman, listen attentively to the speech of Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., at the Conference Dinner

of certain prominent women in the interests of a national peace-at-any-price policy. Such activities may have sprung partly from the naval disarmament conferences which had been held and which eventually were proved to have been futile. The demand of these women was for a scrapping of all of our national defenses in order to bring about world Bess B. Wetherholt, to my idea of calling a national defense conference of women, I consulted with Garland W. Powell, then the Legion's National Americanism Director, who approved my plan, as did the National Adjutant, Russell G. Creviston. Then upon the return of the National Commander, James A. Drain, my idea received his endorsement, and invitations

DEFENSE



National Commander Stephen F. Chadwick of The American Legion addresses the Mass Meeting which opened the sessions

Legion addresses the Mass Meeting which opened the sessions

were sent to fifteen national women's patriotic organizations, from whom I received enthusiastic letters of acceptance. Thus was the First Women's Patriotic Conference on National Defense born—in answer to the insidious propaganda of the militant pacifists who claimed to speak for the women of

That first conference in Washington, convened on February 22, 1925, was hailed by the press. It was the first time in the history of the world that a group of women's organizations had been called together to study the subject of national preparedness for their country and to disseminate throughout the nation the information gained. To that comparatively small group of one hundred delegates that assembled came Secretary of War John W. Weeks, Secretary of the Navy Curtis D. Wilbur, and prominent officers of the Army and Navy to outline for them the country's need for defense. President Coolidge received the entire group of delegates in the White House, and without special request, said to them

in part: "When I learned that the women of The American Legion Auxiliary had arranged a conference of the national women's patriotic organizations to be held in Washington at this time, I felt an earnest desire to meet them. That desire was based on consideration, first, of who they are; second, of whom they represent; and third, of the purpose for which they are assembled. The members of this conference, representing the historic and patriotic organizations of the country, are earnestly in favor of peace, I think, on terms which will assure the national dignity and safety.'

From that start, the Defense Conference has grown in power and prestige and has proved to be of great credit to The American Legion through its Auxiliary. Each year more interest has been shown in the

assemblies until at the fourteenth conference held in January last, thirty-three patriotic organizations were represented by seven hundred and fifty delegates.

Colorful ceremonies marked the opening of the Fourteenth Women's Patriotic Conference on National Defense, A processional of pages bearing the national flag and the standards and banners of the participating organizations conducted the Presidents of the various societies to the platform. The invocation was given by Colonel William R. Arnold, Chief of Chaplains of the United States Army. To the Colors was sounded by the United States Navy Band, following the salute to the flag led by Mrs. Reuben Ross Holloway of the National Society, Daughters of Founders and Patriots of America. Then came the address of welcome by Mrs. James Morris, Chairman, from which I have quoted.

Stephen F. Chadwick, National Commander of The American Legion, gave a stirring address on Americanism and its direct relation to national defense. Stressing the rights which we enjoy under the Constitution, he said: "Ours is the first Government in the history of the world which declared the rights of men to be God-given, and yet our rights were not accomplished by mere declaration. Every right which as citizens we enjoy, every concept which goes into our definition of Americanism was won for us by the sacrifices of men in arms and by the expenditure of enormous treasure . . . It is the defense of the rights of men and of the form of Government, designed for their protection, and of the fine civilization which we as a free people have developed, that you are concerned with this evening....

"The external defense of America must first be built in the hearts and minds of the American people. The reasons for the defense of the nation, the preservation of those liberties which are the occasion of our being (Continued on page 54)



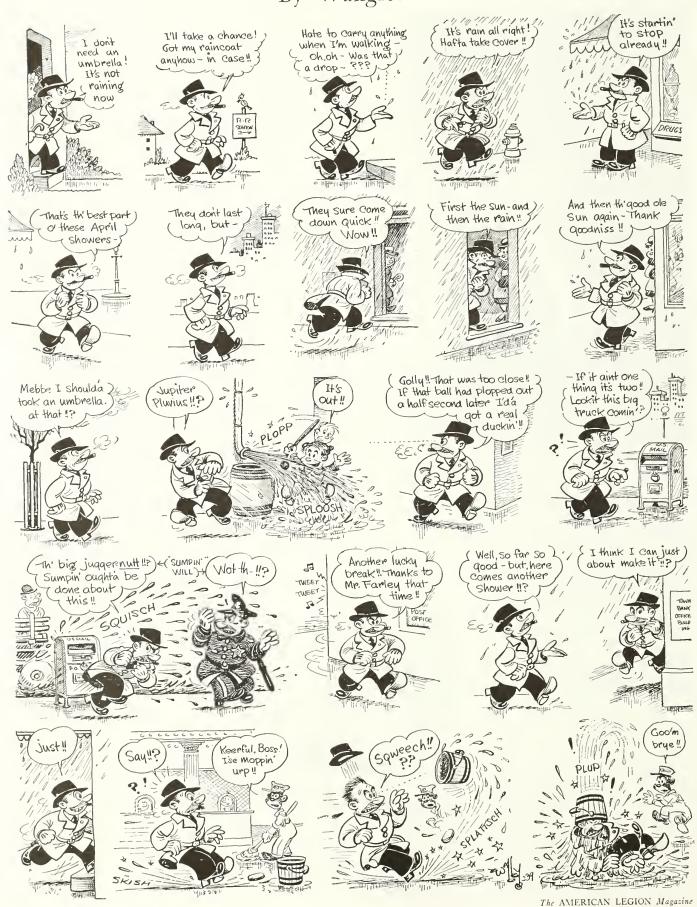
National President Mrs. James Morris pays the annual tribute of the Conference at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Arlington

America."

IT'S OFF AGIN, ON AGIN

The Showers That Bloom in the Spring, Bah!

By Wallgren



ARMY DAY

N April 6th, anniversary of our entrance into the World War, the American people will celebrate Army Day, an occasion dedicated to contemplation of just what the United States Army means in the fabric of our national life, in peace and in war. The American Legion, which owes its existence largely to service during an emergency in that great arm of the national defense, is proud to participate in the program of Army Day and join with the nation as a whole in congratulating the military establishment on its accomplishments and its present splendid morale.

Everybody knows that the fate of a nation may well ride with its soldiers in time of war. In peacetime the role of the Army, now that our continental "frontiers" have disappeared and the authority of the Government is unquestioned from ocean to ocean, is not quite so clear to those of our countrymen who take national defense as a

matter of course.

Vaguely we know that the Army's experts are on call through the Civilian Conservation Corps and other federal agencies in the attack on the problems of soil erosion, floods

and the Dust Bowl. We know that in armories all over the land officers of the Regulars are training National Guardsmen, that in colleges and in summer camps our youth are taught the feel of the rifle and that self confidence under adverse conditions which distinguishes the Regular from the raw recruit. We know too that in special schools officers work to keep abreast of the latest developments in military science, while on hundreds of fronts experiments are going forward to solve the problems of procurement, and durability of equipment.

The National Defense Act of June, 1920, the Great Charter of the Army, provided for a small force of Regulars supplemented by a National Guard and Organized Reserves which together would be approximately five times the size of our basic professional force. Our geographical position fortunately renders it unnecessary for us to resort to conscription in peacetime, but our 1917-'18 experience taught us that not only would such a course be necessary immediately on the outbreak of war, when the Army would have to be expanded many fold in the course of a few weeks, but that industry would have to be ready for a similar jack-andthe-beanstalk growth.

The American Legion is proud to have had a part in the enactment and the follow-through of the National Defense Act and its amendments, and to have insisted that the programs of modernization which it

visioned be implemented with appropriations that would allow projects to go beyond the mere blueprint or model stage. As a part of its service to the Army and the nation the Legion has sought year after year and is still seeking enactment of a universal service program to prevent profiteering in wartime and by actually making us a nation in arms would make any war we entered not only a victorious war, but a short one. The Army does not start wars—it finishes them—and it ought never to be at the mercy of self-seeking politicians and dollar patriots.

Rudyard Kipling in the nineties of the last century with his "Tommy" and "The Widow at Windsor" brought to the attention of a world-wide audience the sorry status of the British soldier in peace and in war. The United States Army's morale was none too high in those days, and red tape and bureaucracy were terms used commonly in dealing with the plight of the service. Thank God those conditions are definitely of the past!

THE civilians most alive to the needs of the Army in the days before 1917 were Lindley M. Garrison, too

briefly Secretary of War, and Congressman Augustus Peabody Gardner of Massachusetts. They with Leonard Wood battled against the indifference of the country in the midst of a world aflame, and had their counsels prevailed the victory of November 11, 1918, would have been achieved earlier. Indeed, it might not have been necessary for us to get into the war at all. These men had a large part in the agitation that finally brought about enactment of the National Defense Act which we know.

In a democracy the military and naval forces are at all times subject to the civil power—the Executive and the Congress. That is as it should be, and no American Army officer, steeped as he is in the traditions of the service, would want it otherwise. The "Man on Horseback," seeking by a sudden coup to set himself up as a dictator over his fellow countrymen, is decidedly not in the American tradition. We don't expect to see such a condition prevail in this country and we don't expect our children or our children's children to see it.

So here's to our Army on its great day. The most truly American element in our population, its pure patriotism shows forth in the only toast it pledges:

Here's to the flag we follow. Here's to the land we serve; and Here's to Holy Honor That doth the two preserve.



THE COVER

THIS month's cover painting by Legionnaire Harvey Dunn was inspired by an incident which took place on the morning of September 26, 1918, at the beginning of the Argonne drive. Dunn, one of the eight American artists commissioned captain and permitted to roam at will in the interests of a graphic portrayal of the activities of the A.E.F., happened to be in the vicinity of Varennes and saw this busky doughboy come striding across a field bearing, with the ease of a Goliath, a wounded comrade across his shoulders. Coming in, he lowered his wounded buddy tenderly to the ground, turned, picked up his rifle and strode off through the fields again. Interested, Dunn approached the fellow who had been brought in, to discover that his foot had been shattered.

"Well," said Dunn, "I see your buddy brought you in all right."

"Hell, he ain't no buddy of mine," was

the reply. "I never saw him before in my

By BILL KLEM SENIOR NATIONAL LEAGUE

UMPIRE

LAY Ball!" We umpires used to walk out on the field, turn toward the grandstand and yell at the top of our lungs, "Lay-deez and gentlemun, the batter-eez for today's game—'

We don't announce the batteries any more, for that's all nicely printed on the scorecards and posted on the scoreboards. But we do call "Play ball!" and the game starts. All eyes are on the nine players in the field and the one opposition batter who for a few fleeting moments is matching his baseball career against those nine men eager to mow him down.

The eyes of the fans are on the players— "Crack!"—the ball bounds and rolls toward third base. The third baseman grabs it—muffs it—grabs it—and sends it in a white streak toward first. The first baseman's got his foot on the bag. The runner and the ball get there about the same time. About the same time, I say. Actually the runner's foot touches the sack about one-fiftieth of a second before the smack of the ball in the first baseman's mitt.

"Safe!" I call, and so there can't be any doubt about it, I motion with my hands, palms down.

"Robber!" "That man was out a mile!" The voices roll in from the bleachers for a moment. Then all is quiet and the game proceeds.

Thirty-eight years ago, when I began umpiring, that close play might have provoked a riot! It took one policeman for every three or four hundred spectators to protect the umpire. But the game and the spectators are more sportsmanlike today. When that close play was made the fans became conscious that an umpire was on the job out there. Three umpires, in fact, watching every play with experienced eyes, calling the decisions promptly and fearlessly.

Am I sure I called that play correctly? Of course I'm sure. That's why I'm an umpire! And that's why I've been umpiring twice as long as some of those players are years old. I've seen the game develop from its tough and rowdy days to a clean, fast performance, and I've seen umpiring develop with it. I think I can be pardoned for saying that in my work of making umpiring the art and science it is today, with the respect it commands from players and fans, I've done my share to make the game of baseball.

"JUST what makes a good umpire, Mr. Klem?"

I've always had some answer for that question. But now I shall put the answer into a definite formula. I want the fans of the present, and particularly the men of The American Legion, who have done

so much to sponsor sportsmanlike baseball, to appreciate those men in blue who may not be noticed out on the diamond until they call one that looks a little doubtful.

Don't get the idea that this is a swan song. Not on your life. The season of 1939 finds me out there for my thirty-eighth year—and do I love it! I've never missed a season since 1902, and I'm still going strong. I've umpired more games than any other man before me or coming down the years with me.

For sixteen years I called 'em from behind the plate, exclusively, day after day, season after season. I umpired in seventeen World Series. Both are records. So I feel competent, at least, to render an opinion as to what makes a good umpire. Here are the three most important qualifications of the arbiter on the baseball diamond:

First, judgment. Second, nerve. Third, control.

There's your good umpire. But I need to do some explaining about those three words. Let me preface it by pointing out





Manager John McGraw, one of the greatest managers in baseball history. Klem made him back water

how much easier it is for an umpire to handle a game today than when I began. I had three years with the minor leagues, then went to the National League in 1905. I've been with the senior circuit

When I entered the game it was a tough and woolly profession. A man had to be quick with his wits and handy with his fists. It was common occurrence for managers and captains to come bristling up with clenched fists and demand that the umpire change his decision—or else. Players were expected to show their spunk by kicking on all the close ones.

"Did you ever suffer bodily harm, Mr. Klem?" Now and then some fan sweetly

asks me that. Jumping crickets! An umpire who didn't have trouble every time a home club lost a close game was a lucky man.

In my first season umpiring, up in Connecticut, Jim O'Rourke, who was manager of his Bridgeport team, owner of the grounds and secretary of the league, came rushing at me in a rage after I had called a decision he didn't like. I warned him I would fine him.

"Who, me? Why, I never paid a fine yet. You can't fine me, and you can't put me off these grounds!'

But I did—both. I was determined to

make my position as umpire re-Frankie Frisch, spected. The former manager of evening papers the St. Louis Cards, headlined my enwho asked permis-counter with sion to apologize O'Rourke. In the hotel lobby sat one of the fans of the afternoon's game, John L. Sullivan. The famous fighter leaped from his chair at sight of me, his blue eyes a-twinkle, and with a slap on the back that seemed to loosen all my teeth roared:

"Me b'y, that was great! You'r-re the gamest guy in this town. And you'r-re a good empire. Go on empiring, an' don't take no back talk!"

Taking no back talk became a habit of mine. I set myself to the task of enforcing discipline upon the ball field—calling the play and making the decision

tribute to my eyes. I still love to get back there and call 'em. And when I call the pitch a strike, that's just what it is!

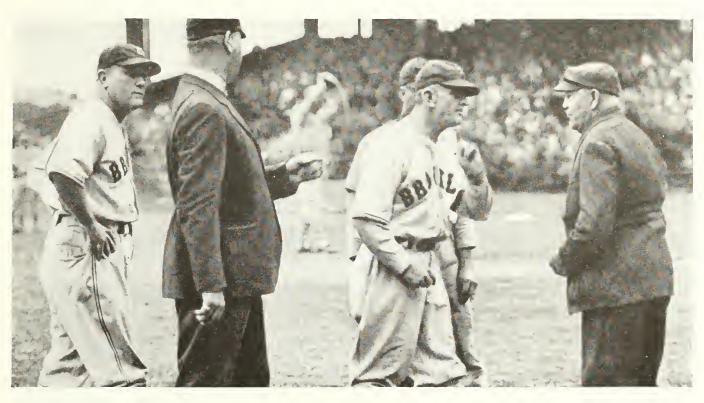
At a testimonial dinner given me re-

Casey Stengel, blood in his eye and fists clenched, charging on Klem, at right, after the senior umpire's overruling of a decision by Umpire Magerkurth put Brooklyn behind the eight ball, a few seasons back. Casey lost out, of course

down, in or out, he went with it. No guess work—and no hesitation about it.

I've taught every young umpire who worked with me to move with the ball. Accurate judgment then becomes automatic.

And you'll notice that umpires indicate the strikes with their right arms. That's the Klem "semaphore system." Early in my career I discovered that no umpire could yell loud enough to be heard above the crowd. Silk O'Loughlin came as near doing it as any, and his famous "Strike tuh!" always got a laugh. I once



MAKE it STICK

stick. The first item was to make Klem an umpire with good judgment. By that I mean *accurate* judgment—the ability to see the play as it is, whether from behind the plate or on the bases.

That means good eyesight, of course. The umpire's eyes are checked carefully at regular intervals, to insure prompt correction of any defects in vision. I recall that when the practice of examining the umpires' eyes began, back in 1911, and we umpires of the National League including Hank O'Day, Bob Emslie, Bill Brennon, Jim Johnstone and myselfwere reported as possessed of "perfect vision," the papers gave us a big razzing. An umpire who seems to call the close ones wrong is a big, blind bum—to the critical fans. How long do you suppose an umpire would last if his eyes really were defective?

My long years behind the plate are a

cently I arose to read my little piece, and as I reached for my specs some busher hollered, "Bill Klem, you certainly need those glasses!" But, as I reminded that impertinent whelp and the assembled company, I was not then acting in my official capacity!

More important than perfect eyesight is the umpire's ability to "time" the ball—its speed, direction and distance. That's tremendously important behind the plate.

Ready for the throw. The umpire is crouched with feet apart, in a position that permits him to see between the batter and the catcher. The pitcher has the ball. He's got the signal. Here's the windup.

"Zing!" It's in the catcher's mitt. If he's a good umpire, he swayed with that ball as though controlled by an electric device. If it went straight over, up or asked Silk how come the "strike tuh" business. He confessed.

"Don't tell the newspaper guys, Klemmy, but I once started to yell 'Strike two' and my tobaccer cud got lodged. 'Two' sounded like 'tuh' and it went over so big that's what it's been ever since!"

One day my throat was in bad condition and I started using my arms. For the first strike I'd swing my right arm over toward my left, for the second I'd swing toward the right, and for the third I'd point a strait and narrow path toward the dugout. The fans got onto it, and it worked. I've never abandoned the practice, even after ball parks put in scoreboards that show every play. The fans look to the umpire for the immediate decision. So do the scorers.

I applied the same sort of technique on the foul line. If (Continued on page 40)

STUDENTS OF SWAT

ASEBALL may be a seasonal sport in participation and promotion to the ninety and nine, but it's an all-yearround activity in Maplewood (New Jersey) Post since its Junior Baseball Committee hit upon the bright idea of establishing a baseball school. Now there are schools and schools; the idea of a course of instruction for youngsters who aspire to get into the great national game in a big way is not particularly new, but the plan of setting up a school for players and spectators alike, with the brightest stars of the diamond occupying the professorial chairs, seemed to be something novel. At least it was worth a trial.

Along last fall, after the close of the baseball season, Everett Martin, Chairman of the Post's Junior Baseball Committee, and his co-laborers, Carl Freggen and Percy Meeker, put their heads together to dope out a plan of action for the winter months. They had heard and read the pessimistic reports of learned statisticians that sport participation is on the decline

in America; that while sport interest and spectator attendance is on the increase, the number of actual players grows fewer each year. The elders, of course, would continue their stove league sessions; the youngsters, it seemed, needed some encouragement and stimulation—and playing fields.

Out of this series of conferences came the plan of establishing a baseball school as an extra-curricular activity of the



"Professor" No-Hit Johnny Vander Meer and Coach Al Mamaux giving a bit of personal instruction to students enrolled in the Maplewood (New Jersey) Post's junior baseball academy. The Professor is but one member of the faculty of this big time school

Maplewood Junior High School under the sponsorship of Maplewood Post. Monday afternoon sessions were arranged to be held in the school auditorium and the interest of Al Mamaux, former Pittsburgh and Brooklyn pitcher and now coach at nearby Seton Hall College, was enlisted; he not only consented to serve as director of the sport school but went afield to line up a bunch of special instructors second to none in the baseball world-such eminent practitioners in the field of applied baseball science as Johnny Vander Meer, Buddy Hassett, Ethan Allen, Mule Haas, and a long list of others, including officials of the major baseball leagues to whom the Maplewood experiment gave promise of a new means of approach to young America.

The Maplewood school got a good start early in January, with attendance limited to the students at the junior high school, and the classes have continued with the same limitation, with something more than three hundred in attendance at each session. News of the school spread around and as early as the second session the project had become an event of much sport and news importance—there were scouts from other Legion Posts looking for ideas for their own Posts to adopt, sports writers from several papers, delegations from schools. And there were some of the elders, fathers of boys in the class, who had nostalgic memories of the sandlots of their boyhood and who, some twenty years ago, swatted the old horsehide on French town squares and parks between days of duty in the front line trenches. The home town newspaper, the News, gave its enthusiastic approval: "To say that we favor such a project is putting the matter too mildly. The impulse is not to applaud but to jump on the seat and toss the derby into the air." Evidently the Maplewood Post put something over in its own home town!

At the opening session of the school, Director Mamaux introduced the first members of his faculty, Buddy Hassett, first baseman of the Boston Bees, and Ethan Allen, outfielder of the St. Louis Browns. Each talked on his own particular place in scientific play of the national game, and there was a quiz period. At succeeding sessions, to mention but a few of the professors, the school has had the benefit of instruction by "Mule" Haas, former outfielder of the Chicago White Sox and the Philadelphia Athletics, and now manager of the Oklahoma City team, who took the chair of outfield strategy and tactics. Then that bright star of 1938, Johnny Vander Meer, pitcher for the Cincinnati Reds, whose performance last year in pitching two successive no-hit, no-run games, and the string of twenty-one and one-half hitless innings, established an all time major league record and fixed his name permanently in baseball's hall of fame. Professor Vander Meer was kept busy for a half hour after his lecture answering a lively barrage of questions; then he distributed a number of miniature bats to the young fans who gathered around him.

The Maplewood idea has proved such an outstanding success that already plans are being made for the 1939-40 term.

The auditorium in which the school is held seats twelve hundred, and next year the facilities will be opened to pupils from the South Orange Junior High School, the Wyoming schools and the Millburn schools. The school idea has spread to distant points and, Chairman Martin has been assured, will be taken up by several Legion Posts next year as one of the important phases of the junior baseball activity. Perhaps not all will be able, because of distance, to get the topnotchers of baseball to act as instructors,

but they will have little difficulty in getting competent players to tell how and why the game is played.

Educational features are a part of the course; not all of the time is devoted to the technique of the game. Sportsmanship is stressed; proper physical training and care of the body is dwelt upon—qualities of American manhood even more essential in every day life than in sport. Written work is required in the course of instruction and in the essay contest—for the best paper written about the

school and its work—a first prize of \$5 has been put up, second prize, \$2, and the third prize a baseball autographed by Johnny Vander Meer. It is said that

the boys are reversing the usual contest plans and are all striving to win the third prize.

Out of the class of three hundred who regularly attend the school, Maplewood Post will organize eight baseball teams to comprise a league in the Legion's Junior Baseball competition. Each team will be completely uniformed and equipped and will be managed by a member of Maplewood Post—team managers selected are: Ray Sheridan, George Anderson, Andy Jack, Frank Sollows, William

Minch, Roy Van Winkle, Ed Knoblock, and Herb Burkhart.

Five Brothers

ONCE in a while the Step Keeper receives a report of unusual Post memberships, of father and sons or of three or four brothers who are members of the same Post, but reports of five brothers in one local unit are few and far between. Now we have two, one from north-

western New York and one from the capital city of Louisiana.

Tonawandas Post, Tonawanda, New York, reports the five Long brothers,

Walter, Clarence, Oscar, Herbert and Charles, whose mother, Mrs. Margaret Long, was awarded a medal for having sent the most sons into World War service from Erie County, New York. The brothers each have long Legion service. Herbert is the present Commander of Tonawandas Post and his twin brother, Charles, is Chairman of the Sons of the Legion Committee. Three of the brothers, Charles, Herbert and Oscar, served in the 104th Field Artillery, 27th Division; Clarence in the 16th Infantry, 1st Division, and Walter in the Chemical Warfare Service.

The Ott brothers of Baton Rouge, Louisiana, hold their membership in Nicholson Post, one of the largest and most active in the Department. The brothers, James J., John D., Thomas W., William H. and Alvin M., are all very near the same height and





A Legion full house—twenty membership cards issued to the same Legionnaire from the same Post; Orval T. McCoy, fourstar member of Mount Morris (Illinois) Post has mounted his cards on one sheet which also bears the autograph of the Commander for the year issued

weight, five feet five to five feet seven, and weigh from one hundred and thirty to one hundred and fifty pounds. All five of the brothers saw service in France during the period of hostilities and two of them, John and Thomas, had postwar service in Siberia.

On the Treaty Ground

ELM TREE POST, of Philadelphia, takes its name from the historic tree under which William Penn made his famous treaty with the Indians which gave amicable possession to the site of Philadelphia, and most of Pennsylvania too, for that matter. The Post's head-quarters are within a very short distance of the Treaty Ground in the northeastern section of the city. Then, it was thought most appropriate, that the new officers of Elm Tree Post be given the obligation of office on the site of the original treaty, one of the most historic spots in America.

The elm tree that William Penn knew has long since fallen, but a menument has been raised to mark the spot and to testify to the unbroken faith of the treaty there made. An outdoor installa-



tion was arranged when Department Commander Frank E. Gwynn formally installed W. Arthur Gross as Commander, reflecting that the "Unbroken Faith monument in the background fittingly portrays the spirit of The American Legion in that it is carrying on with that same faith we had twenty years ago and even in a greater spirit of service." Others in the picture which appears on another page are, left to right: Albert Wenig, Color Bearer; Clayton Williams, Eastern Vice Commander; James W. Lance, Third District Commander; Frank E. Gwynn, Department Commander; W. Arthur Gross, Commander, Elm Tree Post; C. Harry Haslett, retiring Commander, and George Goddard, Color Bearer.



Here are two entries in the Legion's Five Brothers Club, each set members of the same Post. At top, the Long brothers of Tonawandas Post, New York—Charles, Commander Herbert, Oscar, Clarence and Walter. At left, the Ott brothers of Nicholson Post, Baton Rouge, Louisiana — James J., John D., Thomas W., William H. and Alvin M.

Mounted Drum Major

COMMANDER Earl E. Phillips of Leonard Hoskins Post, Las Vegas, New Mexico, sends a pic-

ture of a mixed drum and bugle corps made up of members of the Sons of the Legion and members of the Junior Auxiliary, sponsored by the Post and Aux-

iliary Unit, which is of especial interest. This junior corps has made frequent public appearances in its home city and elsewhere—the picture was taken at the 1038 Department Convention at Raton—always led by a mounted drum major. And what a mount!

The pony is ridden by its owner, Roy Smith, and on occasions of ceremony is blanketed with a Post banner, and leads the parade with pomp and dignity befitting the occasion. The pony is not quite three feet in height and rides the back seat of an ordinary automobile when being transported from place to place. Hundreds of Legionnaires made the acquaintance of Legion Heir Roy Smith and his pony when passing through Las Vegas last fall enroute to or from the Los Angeles Convention.

Colors On Parade

In The December number of this magazine, Past Commander Harry L. Frohow told of the splendid record of Edward H. Monahan Post, Sioux City, Iowa, in having had its colors in every National Convention parade since the custom of awarding bands (1921) was established. It is a fine record for any Post to have, testifying to a continuing and zealous Legion interest throughout the years, but he took in just a little too much territory when he expressed the opinion that the Monahan Post record stood unique. The Legion is a big organization and there are a lot of Posts—just now something over 11,500 of them—





and it takes a good record to stand up.

Marion Post, in the eastern part of Iowa, is the first to meet the challengeits colors have been in every parade since 1921, and its flagstaff is heavily encrusted with bands. Past Commander John H. Pazour, now Mayor of the city of Marion, had the honor of carrying the colors for ten consecutive years, Kansas City, 1921, to and including Boston, 1930; C. J. Kassler at Detroit, 1931; H. M. Miller at Portland, 1932; A. R. McElwain at Chicago, 1933, and Cleveland, 1936; Glenn Larkin at Miami, 1934, St. Louis, 1935, and Los Angeles, 1938; and J. A. Clay at New York, 1937. "We don't feel that we're the only ones to have our banner in every parade," comments Legionnaire Pazour, "but we do claim that no town under 50,000 can equal our record, and our town is only 5,000. Furthermore, the Post's colors have traveled by every available means of transportation—water, air and land, and in four European countries in 1927.'

Marion Post is a very active unit in the Iowa organization and has not contented itself with a Convention record, but has made a most enviable record in community service work. The Post owns its own \$10,000 home, a \$35,000 swimming pool and has been especially active in school and youth programs.

Lucky Us

APJUTANT J. W. McGovern of Grand Crossing Post, Chicago, Illinois, writes of the fine service rendered by the blood donor squad maintained by his Post. His comment, he says, is fully expressed in an editorial published in a recent issue of the Chicago Herald and Examiner under the caption "Lucky Us:"

"Twenty-two members of the Grand Crossing Post, American Legion, who when required for patients in South Side hospitals. And that, fellow Chicagoans, is also patriotism; the patriotic pursuit of Life, Liberty and Happiness. And this isn't pollyantics. We don't know how lucky we are to live in a city with people like these; in a country that breeds them like that."

Hundreds of cities and communities have like reason for self-congratulation. The maintenance of a "Blood Brother" squadron has been adopted by Posts in all sections of the country, and is defi-



Pennsylvania's Department Commander, Frank E. Gwynn, gives the obligation of office to the new Commander of Elm Tree Post at the William Penn Treaty Ground

were willing to shed their blood for their country during the war, now offer it in a peace time defense against disease and death. They have been tested for blood samples which will be classified according to type. Their blood will be available nitely a part of the hospital assistance program. This is Community Service at its best and humanity is better for it.

Connecticut Celebrates

THE name of Stratford in Connecticut is known throughout the length and breadth of the Legion world, for the Anderson-Dunn-Kochiss Post's drum and bugle corps has been right up in the ranks of top-notch performers at National Convention competitions these many years, and the corps, which tied for fourth place at Los Angeles in 1938, (Continued on page 58)



Pride of Las Vegas and the Legion of New Mexico is the mixed Sons and Junior Auxiliary drum and bugle corps. The mounted drum major is in keeping with the tradition of the great Southwest



The sad-looking bird above, according to service legend, had its counterpart in the Air Service branch of our forces during the war. Even non-fliers should recall its unusual handicap

OG-ROBBERS, pill rollers, shavetails, gold-brickers, mule skinners, top kicks, belly robbers—such soldiers, as any veteran can tell you, helped to compose service outfits, even though the accepted designations of them might not be found in official tables of organization. And you might find any or all of them in most any Army outfit. One branch of service, though, had a particularly distinctive designation for certain of its men—and that was "kiwi."

Do you know what a kiwi is? Webster tells us that its official name is the Apteryx and goes on to state: "A genus consisting of several species of flightless ratite birds related to the extinct moas. They are all confined to New Zealand, and are called also by the native name 'kiwi.'" The Encyclopedia Britannica adds: "They are brown birds, about the size of a domestic fowl, with a long beak, and feed largely on earthworms. They are nocturnal in habit and can run swiftly... They are now rare. The egg is, relative to the size of the bird, the largest laid by any living species."

Even as a doughboy, our knowledge of the Air Service was sufficient that we had heard of this species of bird but the only photograph we ever saw showed the "bird" dressed up in O. D. or in khaki coveralls. Now, through the cooperation of Chaplain Earl H. Devanny of Woodbridge (New Jersey) Post we can share with all of you the picture of the bird itself. Except for its lack of wings, there doesn't seem to be much resemblance to its service namesake. And not alone did the good Chaplain, whose home is the Manse of the First Presbyterian Church in Woodbridge, produce the picture, but he elucidates as follows:

"You have all heard of Sergeant York

and you have read about the Lost Battalion, but have you ever sympathized with some of us neglected heroes who after twenty years are still trying to explain to our children why we did not kill any Germans in the great conflict?

"Take my case for example. I was a theological student, classed with women, children and insane persons, as far as service was concerned. To escape that class I enlisted and became a private 1st class, A. S. S. E. R. C.—in those days the Aviation Section was a part of the Signal Corps. (In all, Aviation Section, Signal Enlisted Reserve Corps.)

"From the beginning it was a war de luxe for me. I never saw a German, never carried a mess kit, did not get a dog tag. I attended ground school at the University of Illinois. The food was good, with plenty of milk from the agricultural department; no K. P., and we were housed in a girls' dormitory. The girls had moved out before the flying cadets moved in—it wasn't that de luxe! We got a hundred a month which, together with some help from home, enabled us to wear clothes that a colonel could not afford. With good behavior we got weekends off to parade around in front of the home

We want ap home!! Givan! Yorta be also we only enlisted for you're in the tropics!! Some outfits and sent to Siberier, I hear!!



HEAR

folks and always brought back a box of fudge or cake to help us undergo the hardships of war.

"Two months of this and we were sent off to the Fair Grounds in Dallas, Texas. Here the horrors of war were impressed upon us as we lived in the sheep pens, waiting for airfields to be constructed and planes to be built. The cruelty and inhumanity of it all was impressed upon me when my squadron was chosen, perhaps because of our fierce war-like expressions, to kill flies in the dining room. These evils of war were somewhat mitigated by evenings spent on the roof of the Hotel Adolphus, and Sunday dinners in the homes of the people of Dallas, who exhibited a hospitality I had never seen before or experienced since.

"After some time, about fifty of us were sent up to the late Joe Robinson's home town, Lonoke, Arkansas, where Eberts Field was just being completed. We were the first flying cadets to arrive and we looked very sweet with white bands around our hats. After a week's flying in the old Standards, we had another vacation until some Curtiss ships could be delivered. It was during this period that I first became acquainted with that awful creature, the 'kiwi.' (See enclosed portrait!)

"An order was issued that the cream

The AMERICAN LEGION Magazine

of the Army, the incomparable flying cadets, must exercise. They got us out in the early dawn but in a moment of quiet there came from the rear rank in high pitched voice the word 'kiwi.' The guilty cadet could not be found but we all suffered. Plenty of work—K. P., pick and shovel, and enough drill to last for several wars. The kiwi does not fly because he has no wings. So it was in the Air Service—there were plenty of Big Birds who did not fly and the shavetail with

wings looked upon the breed with the utmost contempt.

"From Arkansas, after getting the wings and the gold bar, we were shipped to Langley Field, Virginia. Here a good deal of our fighting was done sitting



But...coming out of Germany, we got a break—good old American boxcars in which a man could at least stretch his legs a bit. Just where did those cars come from and how? Well, we bow to the men of the 35th Regiment of Engineers, the guys who built the cars for the A. E. F.

It didn't take General Pershing long, after his arrival in France, to discover that the A. E. F. could not depend entirely upon the French railways

for transportation facilities, as witness this cablegram to the Secretary of War in Washington, dated September 1, 1917: "Regarding cranes, hand tools and men for erection of cars, those should be sent from the United States. There is no labor Hoboken about December 12th and we ate our Christmas dinner aboard the transport *Antigone*, which had been an old German freighter.

"We arrived in St. Nazaire on December 28th and boarded the famous 40 and 8 boxcars for La Rochelle, our head-quarters where the 35th Engineers was to assemble the new boxcars that were shipped, knocked down, from the United States. When three of our companies arrived at La Rochelle there was as yet no material for us to work on, so we were split up and sent to various nearby towns. Company E went to Bordeaux to help the frogs repair their cars at the Midi Railroad shop.

"After staying in Bordeaux for about four months, the material for the new American cars started to arrive and we were recalled to La Rochelle. Before our job was finished the regiment had built 17,000 cars. We worked until March,

1919, to complete all the cars that were en route when the Armistice was signed.

"While stationed in La Rochelle we were billeted in a regular French artillery barracks. One of the enclosed pictures shows Company E men, headed by 1st Sergeant Lloyd Custer and Sergeant Frank Chinzk, going to work. The man on the bench also belongs to the company-he was a cook, Fred A. Dettenthaler of Saginaw, Michigan. The other print shows our car plant at La Rochelle. Everything in the picture, including the cranes, is, or was, United States property.

"For some reason, so far



Above, a typical American car plant, dropped down into France, where the 35th Engineers built the 17,000 freight cars produced for the A. E. F. At right, Company E of that regiment starting from its barracks for a day's work

around on the over-stuffed furniture of the Hotel Chamberlin at Old Point Comfort. The meals were excellent and with added pay for flying we fought quite comfortably till the Kaiser gave up. My discharge certificate says no wounds, no battles, no A. W. O. L. (who would leave a war like this?) The 'kiwi' was the only fly in the ointment and he did not bother us in the air. When the postman brought my bonus check, I blushed, turned backwards, and put out my hand."

REMEMBER the old 40 and 8 French boxcars? Well, suppose we don't! This department got its fill of them when his infantry outfit moved from Le Havre to its training area. From then on it was transportation by trucks from one front to another, and then old Shanks' mare from there up into the Occupied Area.

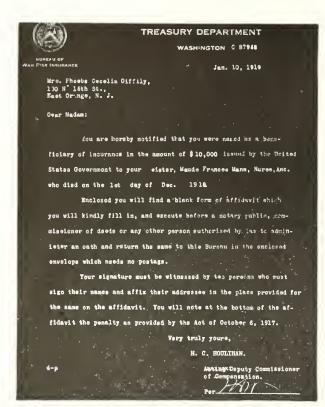
in France available for the erection of those cars. The only labor is that of our own troops, which is needed for other purposes."

And thus came about the organization of the 35th Engineers, specialists in car building, who were sent to France and took on the job of assembling the cars which were transported, in parts, from our country to the A. E. F. Fred Krahenbuhl, Legionnaire, whose home is at 1310 Hanover Street, Hamilton, Ohio, supplied us with the two pictures we display—one showing the car-building yards at La Rochelle, France, and the other, his company marching from its barracks to its day's work. Here is Krahenbuhl's story:

"The 35th Engineers was organized at Camp Grant, Illinois, during the latter part of 1917. The First Battalion left



as I know, there has never been a reunion of our old gang and I would certainly like to see 35th Engineer veterans get together during the Legion National Convention in Chicago next September. I



We see above the official notification of the death on December 1, 1918, of Maude F. Mann, Army nurse, in the A. E. F. At right, the same Miss Mann when last December her Legion Post celebrated the 20th anniversary of her reported death

tried to plan a reunion in New York City at the 1937 convention, but couldn't get many of the men together. If the old gang will write to me, I'll do all I can to arrange a time and place for a reunion."

THE Then and Now Gang is honored this month by being able to add to its roster of active members of the Gang -contributors to these columns, in other words—a fellow Legionnaire whose work during the war was outstanding and who is now serving her third term as Commander, National Organization World War Nurses. Miss Maude F. Mann, member of Raymond Pellington Post of the Legion in her home city of Paterson, New Jersey, needs no introduction to the thousands of nurses who gave such valiant service during the war, nor to the Legion in general.

Just think-A) Year ago we

enlisted !!?

Yeh-I just got

a notice from th'

draft-board!

You may recall that some ten years ago there was organized in these columns a so-called Unofficially Alive Veterans Club, to which were eligible for membership those veterans who had erroneously been reported dead. Quite a number of Legionnaires found themselves in this classification and some interesting stories of their greatly exaggerated death

notices appeared in Then and Now. Now we learn that no less a person than Commander Mann of the National Organization World War Nurses qualifies herself for membership—and as Exhibit A we reproduce a photostat of the letter received by her sister from the U. S. Deputy Commissioner of Compensation, in Washington, during January, 1919. That letter, as you will note, contains the statement that Maude Frances Mann, Nurse, A. N. C., died on December 1, 1918. The accompanying recently-taken photograph of Miss Mann emphatically denies that official report.

To commemorate



the twentieth anniversary of her "demise," Raymond Pellington Post held a special testimonial meeting in December last, at which Department Commander Lester Black and numerous other prominent Legionnaires spoke, and presented a ring to Miss Mann. Messages of congratulations and greetings were received from state and city officials and from other Legion Posts and Auxiliary Units. Governor A. Harry Moore of New Jersey in his letter to the Post Commander

said, in part: "It has always seemed to me that, in the annals of war, insufficient credit is given to war nurses. They enter upon their dangerous and difficult tasks with a spirit of patriotism and self-sacrifice equal to that of the soldier, and no one knows as well as the soldier just how much the armed forces are indebted to the nurses."

And, according to a letter we received from Miss Mann, this is how it all came about: "I received my appointment to the Army Nurse Corps in Paterson, New Jersey, on July 10, 1918, and on July 18th reported for duty at the U. S. Army Base Hospital in Camp Greene, North Carolina. I left there on August 14th and reported to the Nurses'



Mobilization Station in the Holley Hotel in New York City and was assigned to Base Hospital No. 53. On September 1, 1918, we sailed from Hoboken for the A. E. F. and on the 15th of that month we reported at Base Hospital No. 53 in Langres. The site of the hospital, down in a valley, soon gained the name of the 'Mud Hole,' but we nurses wore rubber boots, pinned up our dresses and ploughed on through with our work. A convoy of 900 patients came to us our first night there-men suffering from influenza, pneumonia and other illnesses. Nurses of Base No. 55 came to our aid that night. The St. Mihiel Offensive was on at that time and large convoys continued until both bases were filled.

"And now for the report of my death: After coming off duty one night I found a nurse had been sick in bed all day and had been rather neglected. I did what I could for her and when she asked for a drink of fresh water, I went out to get it for her. We had dug drainage trenches around our hospital to carry off the rain, and the Lister bags of drinking water were on the opposite side of this trench. You remember those bags with the button on the faucet? I held the pail in one hand and pressed the button with the other. My foot slid in the slimy mud and down I went into the trench and my ankle snapped. It was 10:30 P. M. and there I lay. I called and called, then I became hysterical and screamed and finally they came for me. After the bones were set and the foot in a cast, I used to make the drinks for the patients on liquid diet.

"On December 1, 1918, I was transferred to Brest, en route to the States, and it was on that date that I was supposed to have died. I suppose it was a clerical error. I arrived in New York on Christmas Eve, 1918, and my sister did not receive the letter until about January 11th. My family did not know I had the fracture until I returned, as I felt it would only worry them had I written about it, so they received a great shock when they learned of the fracture and then received the letter from Washington. So although my (Continued on page 61)

Bursts and Duds

Conducted by Dan Sowers

IN A State where the number of aides on the Governor's staff is more limited than in Kentucky, the Governor had lost one of his Colonels. There was an unseemly scramble for the appointment, despite the fact that the Colonel's body was awaiting burial. One of the ambitious candidates went so far as to call upon the Governor and ask:

"Governor, do you have any objection

to my taking Colonel James's place?"
"Not at all," the Governor replied.
"Not if the undertaker is willing."

THE men at the club of the Danville

(Virginia) Post of the Legion were recalling the first jokes they ever heard. One old timer claimed that the one which caused him to kick the sides out of his cradle was about the hill country girl who had married a lazy, trifling sort whose only known work had been around a moonshine still. But she thought he was a grand fellow; he was her man and she loved him, and was always anxious to find plausible excuses for his shortcomings.

One day when she was out at the chopping block splitting wood a neighbor stopped to inquire why it was she who was working while her husband was on the porch picking a banjo.

"Well, you see," she said, "this axe handle don't fit Jim's hands.'

H. E. MICHAELS, executive secretary of Robert E. Bentley Post of Cincinnati, writes that one of the prominent bachelors in his Post was married recently. Many of his comrades were on hand for the gala event.

When the ceremonies were over, and the comrade and his bride came out of the church to get in their car, they were confronted with a huge placard on the side of the car. On the placard was a picture of five babies, and an inscription which read:

BRING THE RECORD BACK TO THE UNITED STATES

ENNESSEE'S Henry K. Tice has one about a big Swedish lad dashing into

a saloon just two jumps ahead of the law.
"Get me a place to hide!" he shouted
to the bartender. "The cops bane after me!"

The bartender shoved him into a corner and covered his crouching figure with some old sacks.

A breathless cop burst through the door and asked:

Seen anything of a big Swede?" "No," replied the bartender.

"What's over in that corner under that pile of sacks?

"Nothing but a big bell."

The unconvinced officer went over and gave the pile of sacks a good swift kick, and from them came:

"Yingle, yingle!"

T WAS at the Auxiliary bridge tournament, and the nervous little woman deprecatingly played a card and said: "I really don't know what to play; I'm

afraid I've made a fool of myself."
"That's all right," said her husband

and partner, reassuringly-yet with a

@ ENGINE CO. @ 9 الإرك MC GUIRK

"I think they went that way!"

certain gleam in his eye. "I don't see what else you could have done."

THE lady from next door entered the garden.

"Good morning, James," she said sweetly. "Is your mother at home?"

"You bet she is—you don't think I'd be here workin' if she wasn't, do you?"

AND we wonder about the stone in a New England cemetery, reported to have been erected by a widow to her husband and bearing this inscription: REST IN PEACE UNTIL WE MEET AGAIN.

FROM W. B. Pearson, of Brockton, Massachusetts, we learn about the wild woman from Borneo who hastened to a drug store with evident signs of distress. Approaching the clerk on duty she said:

"Gimme a nickel's worth of insect powder!'

"Why, madam," he said, "I can hardly afford to wrap up that small amount.'

"Who said anything about wrapping it up? Here, man, just blow it down my back!"

H. RICHARDSON, of Sandusky, Ohio, sends the following copy of "General Order No. 2" issued October 25, 1842, at Fort Riley, Kansas.

"1st: Members of this command will, when shooting at buffaloes on the parade ground, be careful not to fire in direction

of the Commanding Officer's

quarters.

"2nd: The troop officer having the best trained remount for this year will be awarded one barrel of rye whiskey.

"3rd: Student officers will discontinue the practice of roping

and riding buffaloes.

"4th: Attention of all officers is called to Paragraph 107, Army regulations, in which it provides under uniform regulation that all officers will wear beards."

THE woman of the house was interviewing a colored girl who was seeking a job in the household. She had decided to hire the girl and was concluding the interview by saying:

"You will have a very easy time of it here, as we have no children to worry you.'

"Don't restrict yourself, missus, on my account," replied the girl. "I'se fond of chilluns, I is."

HAROLD JONES, of East Palestine, Ohio, tells one about a soldier of the A. E. F. who gave a twenty franc note to a shopkeeper, then argued about the change. Turning to another soldier in the shop, he asked:

"Can you speak French?

"Sure.

"Well, please tell this man to give me my correct change."

The buddy said to the shopkeeper:

"Parlay voo Fransay?"

"Oui, oui, Monsieur.

"Then why in the hell don't you give this boy his right change."

ROM Harold Dean, Myerstown, Pa., Comes a nomination for the albums of sign collectors. This one he saw on the bulletin board of a Pittsburgh church:

> 11 A. M. Service-PROFANITY By Dr. Blank Everybody Welcome

FRONT and CENTER

IN THE SUMMER OF 1919

To the Editor: I have just finished the twenty-year flashback in the March issue regarding "Launching the Legion." started me flashing back also, so I pulled out from my stock of souvenirs the August 5, 1919, issue of the Siboney Signal, the daily newspaper of the U.S.S. Siboney, which was returning to the U.S. the main elements of the 13th Regiment, U.S. Marine Corps, under command of Smedley Butler. It contains this editorial titled "The American Legion."

The American Legion is the National Organization of American Veterans of the Great War.

You are eligible.

Soldier, sailor and marine delegates from every Division of the A. E. F. started The American Legion in Paris last March. More than one thousand soldier, sailor and marine delegates who met in St. Louis in May ratified the action of the Paris delegates. Now the Paris and St. Louis executive commit-American Legion is under way. State branches and local Posts are being oris your "stick-together organization."

It is non-partisan.

It is a civilian organization. It knows no distinction of rank or service.

It stands for 100% Americanism, for the preservation of what you fought for, for unusual helpfulness and comradeship.

Permanent organization will be effected at the First National Convention in Minneapolis, November 10, 11 and 12, Armistice celebration time. This date was set in order that you men just coming home may have a voice in the organization.

In the meantime the Legion is ready to serve you. To help you get a job. To help you in all matters of War Risk insurance, allotments, family allowances, Liberty Bonds, back pay, compensation. To publish a magazine for you, The American Legion Weekly, the official paper for veterans.

Join a local Post in your State or get fifteen of your buddles and START ONE yourself. For information drop into a *W. C. C. S., Y. M. C. A., K. of C. or Salvation Army hut nearest you, or send your name, outfit and home address to your State Secretary.

Is it possible that this was one of the first recruiting Posters for our Legion?-George Rosen, Pittsfield (Mass.) Post.

"Preferred Preference"

ence," I, too, can realize just what a veteran is up against in the Civil Service of politics. About two years ago I took an

To the Editor: About "Preferred Prefer-

examination for mail clerk in my home town. About six months ago I had a batch of papers sent to me by the Commission telling me to have a medical examination made, also to have my fingerprints taken. After about another week or ten days I received another form and a letter telling me to have my full set of prints taken and return them immediately.

To this date I have never heard another word from the Commission. Hoping that I might get help from my Congressman, I wasted a lot of time in writing to him. Results-a lot of bunk on his office stationery, written no doubt by his secretary. Within the last two and one-half months I received another application from my Congressman telling me that another examination would be held later. By sending the Congressman a Christmas present in the form of a special delivery letter, registered, deliver to addressee only, receipt requested, I received a reply from the Congressman himself, not through the grapevine, with the expression of his regrets that I was so unfortunate after going as far as I did. Upon a bit of investigation and the old grapevine system, I found out that I got the run-around good and plenty, all for the fact that "Veterans' Preference" doesn't seem to mean a thing if a friend wants a job .- JOSEPH A. BRADY, Springfield (Illinois) Post.

To the Editor: The article entitled "Preferred Preference" in the current issue would be even more humorous, were it not so true. I think the Legion should take a strong stand on the subject; no issue would be more popular with veterans, and build membership. In this section of the country a veteran is actually discriminated against. I mean the rank and file. Some of the type that can always "control" votes do fairly well.

I was born and educated in the North, my grandfather served with the 124th Penn. Volunteers. There were few members of the G. A. R. tramping the streets twenty years after the Civil War. Granted that a man nearing fifty would not make the perfect life guard on Miami Beach, there is absolutely no reason why

Because of space demands, letters quoted in this department (responsibility for statements in which is vested in the writers and not in this magazine) are subject to abridgement. Names, addresses and post affiliation must be given, though the editors will withhold publication of these if the circumstances warrant.

he would not make good in a position requiring more mental than physical ability. What authority claims that a man has reached his mental peak at fifty? The appointing officers in Washington etc.. are a polite lot and must have all majored in English. They "Dear Sir" you to death.—Rocer A. Powell, Post One, Little Rock, Arkansas.

GLOVES MADE IN JAPAN

To the Editor: As commander of Yerkes-Couchman Post No. 99 I would like to put in my ten cents' worth. Two weeks ago I was pallbearer for one of our comrades. As the flag-draped casket was about to leave the home, the pallbearers were handed gloves as usual. As I put mine on what did I see but "Made in Japan" on the inside. This made me boil. Why should we be giving our comrade his last rites in Japanese gloves? Thank God we had to raise the flag of our country to take hold of the handles of the casket in our Japanese gloves.

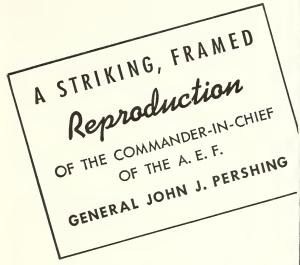
I say if we cannot give our comrades their last rites in an all-American way, throw the gloves at the undertaker and continue the ceremony without them. I am for one hundred percent Americanism and the same for our comrades when they answer the last call. Yours for the good of the Legion.—H. B. Young, Yerkes-Couchman Post, Rochester, N. Y.

TO THE THIRD

To the Editor: "They Told All," the article in the February Legion Magazine, is one story which I have read with the keenest interest. Was a private in the 10th Field Artillery, but will not mention the Battery . . . because . . . and as a cannoneer I was there but could not see much, and also heard very little.

It is always to my delight to know what the Third Division really did. Being a Pennsylvania German, it appeared to me at least that my superiors wanted me in sight at all times, although culturally and politically my people have nothing in common with any European isms and like their ancestors who fought at Boston, Brandywine, Trenton, Yorktown, Gettysburg and the Marne (which was the ultimate test as to their mother tongue) are still 100 percent Americans and nothing else.

All I know or rather remember is this one statement of one officer who related it on July 18, 1918: The Third Division fought the "West Pointers" of the German army, Fifth Prussian Guards and the Sixth Bavarian Grenadiers, and showed the value of our training.-EARL L. Bitting, Perkiomen (Pennsylvania) Post.



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With Freedom's Holy Light

(Continued from page 19)

and the free expression of that faith we treasured as our rightful and greatest privilege. Jew, Catholic and Protestant were unhindered in the form in which their devotion found expression.

This freedom must be preserved. It cannot be preserved if it is held lightly or carelessly by an indifferent and pleasure loving people, who lack the pervading influence and inspiration that proceed from an active and consistent religious faith and practice. Why grave on our coins the legend, "In God We Trust" and ignore or deny its implications in all the common concerns of our life? We may safely affirm that religion and patriotism are intimately and vitally related, that the kind of citizenship that expresses its patriotism in consecration to American ideals, has its motivation in an obedient recognition of God's place in all human concerns.

Much if not most of our distress and distrust is directly due to the lowered moral tone of the nation. Loss of confidence, which has played so large a part in our economic decline, is directly traceable to this course. Confidence goes when moral and religious precepts are forgotten and abandoned. The new experiments in government, as we see them in the world today, make no reckoning of this self-evident fact. The state is their god and to quote an ancient word, "Man is of no more worth than a sheep." He

is the vassal of the state. All that he has and all that he is, is the property of the state. Freedom of the citizen, under such a system, ceases to exist. We of America cherish freedom. We would not exchange our freedom for the restrictions and limitations of any nation in the world.

There is a demand for sober, serious thinking in such times as those through which we are now passing; it is a time to appraise and properly evaluate what we have under our form of government. We are not maintaining that we have approximated the ideal or that we are without faults; we do maintain that we enjoy, despite our acknowledged weakresses, a freedom that is worthy of our highest devotion and our most unfailing loyalty. We believe that there is a fresh recognition of these things today, but it needs strong stimulation. Our post-war period saw us growing careless in exercising our moral obligations as citizens. We were so prosperous, so self-contained that we came to feel that our own genius and our own might were sufficient to guarantee to us the gifts and benefits we most desired. There was a distinct drop in the moral tone of the nation from 1918 to 1020. What followed is so fresh in our memories that it needs no repetition here. It was a major disaster and it brought close to ruin many of our stablest insti-

While some progress has been made

we are as yet far from normal. Certainly, some sustaining element has gone out of our life. Our capacity to stand steady under a devastating blow has proved inadequate. The thing we have obviously lost is morale. Morale is not sustained by the strength of our industrial and economic institutions, nor is it by the extent of our wealth. Morale grows out of deep and unchanging moral and religious convictions. Someone has said that "religion is morality touched with emotion." Be that as it may, it is indispensable to courage, fortitude and the ability to meet misfortunes and to endure. Culture has its important place in our life, but culture of and by itself has never saved a people, else we should not speak of the "glory that was Greece."

As citizens who believe in all that this nation stands for and represents, we are called upon today to give a fresh and definite exhibition of our citizenship. This means far more than exercising our civic duty at the polls, it means disclosing in all our relations those qualities of character that bear the hallmark of our faith in God, our faith in our country and our consistent response to every high ideal that is essential to our individual and corporate life. We shall not have these gifts for the asking. They are gained through assiduous and unremitting study and application and a reverent recognition of their incomparable worth.

Old Glory Is Right

(Continued from page 1)

another over hastily drawn frontier lines, not yet confirmed by the Treaty of Versailles.

Into this whirling maelstrom of revolutionary intrigue and European politics, where whites were warring against reds, and reds were slashing at whites, where official nerves were strained to the breaking point and knees trembled and faces turned white at the mention of one word, "Bolshevik," I, a mere wise-cracking college stripling, found myself slowly moving into the swift current of events.

At every way station the lurching train would grind to a halt and squads of Czecho-Slovak soldiers in old faded Austro-Hungarian uniforms would go through the train with fixed bayonets, searching for spies, revolutionaries, reds, and smugglers, often dragging out some hapless victim, wild with terror and protestations, to a fate always meted out to those who joust with established government.

Deeper and deeper we moved into Czecho-Slovakia, and darker and darker became the scowls of the Czech soldiers at the Polish contingent with whom I was traveling, for ill-will was prevalent between Poland and Czecho-Slovakia over the rich border coal-fields of the Teschen Basin, towards which we were traveling. Our identification papers were slowly and minutely examined amid silence on the part of the Polish officers, so thick you could cut it with a knife. But as examination after examination passed by without incident, I couldn't understand the tenseness and nervousness of the Poles. Little did I know of the unstable undercurrent of central European politics and intrigue.

"Let these European underlings cringe and blanch" thought I. "Not me, a free-born citizen of the greatest nation in the world—the powerful U. S. A. I am safe everywhere. I can go anywhere and do anything. The old eagle on my cap and the grand old Stars and Stripes protect me from these people and their endless wars, hates and revolutions."

The train puffed slowly into a large center and ground to a stop before the station. Soldiers were swarming everywhere. A group with fixed bayonets over-ran the train, searching everywhere, prodding packages, opening luggage, searching passengers, and examining papers. With insolent arrogance, they examined and interrogated the Poles, who with pained politeness patiently, stolidly went through the ordeal, as they stood awaiting the return of their passports.

I remained seated in my place, amused and smiling at their anxiety and discomfiture. A Czech soldier, with rifle and fixed bayonet, held out his hand for my papers. "Here they are, Goofy," I said as I handed him my identification papers, "Make it snappy. This monkey-business gives me a large-sized pain."

As he did not understand English, the remarks were harmless and wasted. Neither could he read English, so the passport meant nothing to him. But he did not like my tone of voice or my behavior, so he tarried and slowly looked me over and intently scrutinized the

papers. His glance moved from me to the Poles and a puzzled expression appeared on his face. You could see that he never had seen an American uniform before, did not know whether I was talking Polish or Eskimo, or whether my papers were written in Esperanto or Sanskrit. But he, as well as the countless others who had gone through the train that afternoon, probably thought that I was one of the Poles in a different kind of a uniform. Poland, you know, was made up of parts of Russia, Germany and Austria-Hungary, and the new Polish army at that time wore uniforms of all those old components, as well as the French horizon blue. If I had kept my mouth shut I would have passed as a Pole and this story would be nothing but the diary of an interesting trip.

"I am an American," I said alternately in English, French and German, but no flash of recognition or intelligence illuminated the stolid face before me. It was patent that he knew no other language than Czech, just a dumb peasant in a soldier's uniform.

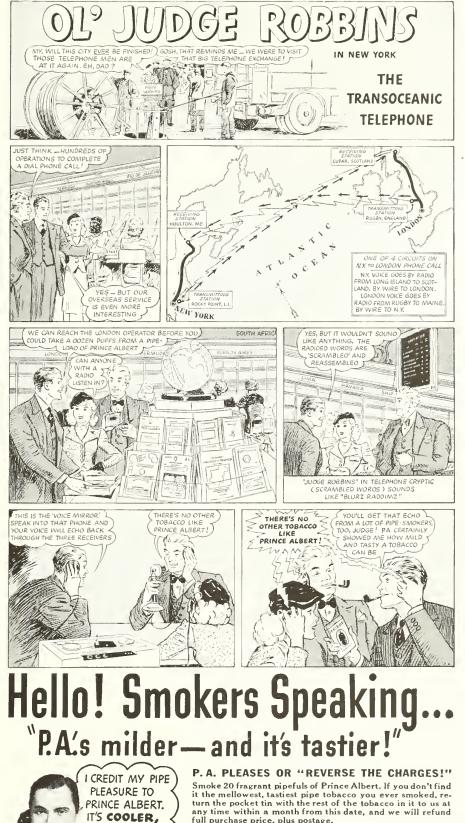
"Well, give me back my papers and move on, dumb-bell," I said, as I grabbed them out of his hand, folded them up and put them in my pocket. "What in the hell do you think I am, a Bolshevik?"

And that was the fatal word. A word that is international and understood in all languages and the only word I spoke that he knew. Scarcely had it left my lips when things began to happen fast, furiously and violently. With a whoop and a yell, he fell upon me, pinioned me in an iron grasp, and in less time than it takes to tell, the whole martial squad dragged and pulled me with bag and baggage off the train and into the depot, pushing me into the presence of an officer seated behind a table piled high with papers.

Standing in the middle of a semi-circle of gleaming bayonets, I heard the soldier who had arrested me in a torrent of Czech and a plethora of grimaces and gestures, often scream the one word that both he and I knew, "Bolshevik! Bolshevik! Bolshevik!"

Already I could feel a cold stone wall at my back, as I envisioned a row of rifle muzzles aimed at my noble brow. Thus inspired, I orated as I had never declaimed before. From the inside pocket of my blouse I brought forth every scrap of paper I could find, a ticket to the Comédie Française, a Carte D'Identité, a French bread ticket, a military pass to the American Peace Mission Headquarters at the Hotel Crillon, a Hoover passport, and my travel orders from 51 Avenue Montaigne. In English, in French and in German, my linguistic abilities surprised me. Never had I talked so fluently and so furiously in all three languages.

But, alas, it was to no avail. A blank and puzzled expression on the officer's face was the (Continued on page 40)



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MELLOWER

WITH GOOD.

RICH BODY!

Old Glory Is Right

(Continued from page 39)

only reward for my efforts. He slowly pawed over my papers, but they were only Greek to him. Ye Gods, he too spoke only Czech, and understood only one fatal word in my vocabulary—"Bolshevik." Was I to be executed by this uncultured provincial, far from home in the steppes of Bohemia?

I glanced down at my luggage piled at my feet and my eyes met my musette bag, packed full with precious American cigarettes and chocolate bars. Realizing that such commodities would buy anything from a prime minister to a pleasant evening in any kind of society in Central Europe, I quickly knelt and opened the bag.

On the top of the bag's contents was a small khaki, drawstring bag, which I had received at an American Red Cross depot in the Boissy d'Anglais in Paris, filled with tooth-paste, tooth-brush, shaving soap, needles, thread and so forth. Probably one of those soldiers' comfort bags, made and filled by American women in some church sewing circle back home. But this bag was different. The lady who made it, thank God, had a flair for decoration and patriotism. She had stitched a tiny, silk American flag right across the front of the bag.

Triumphantly, I drew it forth and exhibited it to the officer before me, pointing to the flag and then to myself. Slowly a smile of recognition and understanding lit up his face. In that God-forsaken town, where not a word of English was spoken or read, he knew Old Glory, even though he had never seen a man who wore her uniform before.

The train whistle blew, a hurried handshake from my former captor, a sharp command and I and my luggage were hurriedly escorted out of the depot and put aboard the train, without the loss of a single precious cigarette or bar of chocolate.

My friends, the Poles, greeted me vociferously. In French they asked me what had happened, but my linguistic proficiency failed me, or had been entirely exhausted in the last fifteen minutes. "Rien," I replied nonchalantly with a wan smile. "Absolutement rien," and the train puffed on toward the frontier and my destination.

I reflected grimly on the fury that one little word of three syllables could bring forth, as well as the power of the emblem of a mighty nation—my country. Thus I learned the first lesson in international diplomacy—"Silence, at the proper time and place, has its virtues."

And Make It Stick

(Continued from page 27)

I'm on bases and one comes down the line, I run over and pump my arm to show plainly whether it's fair or foul.

Accurate judgment! That split second to determine whether a man's safe or out is important when you're watching the bases. How thoroughly some of those fleet runners taught me that! Runners like Max Carey or Hans Wagner. That oo-foot distance from base to base is not far when a fast sprinter steps it, or when a good infield is handling the play. In the great team double play combination of the Cubs, Tinker to Evers to Chance, it meant a lot of footwork and a quick eve.

The umpire gets used to all the tricks the players concoct to fool him. The catcher tries to block off his vision. But an umpire on the job sees every throw exactly as it comes over the plate. Another frequent trick of catchers comes when there are two strikes on a batter and a close one swings over. It's a ball, but the catcher throws it to third base, or to another of the infield, as though the batter had struck out and all hands needed to relax a bit before starting work on the next man up. Naturally the fans get a bad impression of that decision. I've had many a low, private chat with catchers just to give them a rough idea of what I thought about it.

Another trick is to swing the ball over to the center of the plate after it strikes the mitt. Makes it look like a strike. That's no go with a good umpire. Where was that old apple when it came across the plate?

Some pitchers are not above making

the umpire's decisions appear cockeyed. Sam Leever of the Pittsburgh Pirates was good at it. He was clever at placing the ball just outside the plate.

"Ball!" I'd call it. Sam would stand and look at me with a sad, dejected expression. A few like that would get the fans ready to mob me, out there robbing a pitcher who was throwing such beautiful strikes. Once Leever yelled to me, "Well, what was the matter with that one?"

"Just a quarter of an inch outside!" I yelled back.

The umpire will tell you that the hardest throw to judge is a curve ball that breaks low. Grover Cleveland Alexander of the Phillies was the greatest master of that pitch. He could cut the line between low ball and strike with remarkable regularity, and he kept me on my haunches most of the time.

Behind the plate or on bases, the umpire follows this rule: "Call 'em as they are!"

WHAT do we mean by nerve? The ability to stand up to it. A good umpire will be fearless of managers, captains, players and fans alike. He'll call every decision regardless of how it affects the play, the inning or the game. He won't be affected by who's ahead in the game or the league. He'll have the nerve to stick to the decision once it is made.

When I say that creating respect for the umpire and his authority has made the game of baseball more sportsmanlike, more business-like and more enjoyable, I know what I'm talking about. That young umpire out there will never know the hardships of the early arbitrators men like Tim Hurst and John Gaffney.

Give a lot of credit to Ban Johnson, late president of the American League, which was formed by his efforts in 1901. The great Ban passed word to his umpires to crack down on the rowdies, kickers and cheaters. He'd back them against hell and high water. Baseball columns carried considerable comment on this stand of Johnson's, and sports writer William F. Kirk followed the matter up with a poem:

Shut him up, O lordly umpire, Though his voice be low and sweet, Heed not him who kneels before thee, Softly pleading at thy feet.

I will shield thee from all sorrow, Guide thee from the players' wrath. Fire him, therefore, till tomorrow, Chase him to the club-house path!

President Harry Pulliam told me he'd like a similar job done in the National League when I began. He warned me I'd find no bed of roses. I started right in to give the boys some discipline. I stuck to my decisions fearlessly. And I got results with my methods.

A favorite method of intimidating an umpire was for a player to come rushing up to him with clenched fists after an unfavorable decision. When they tried that on me, I drew a line with my shoe, stepped beyond it, and waited. That stopped 'em. I sent the mightiest of the managers and captains—including John J. McGraw of the Giants—trotting off

the field when they challenged the authority of the umpire.

The good umpire will not fudge a little to help a winning or a losing side, nor call that pitch in the ninth inning a strike just to end the game and get on home. He'll forget which teams are playing. Dizzy Dean is pitching? He's just another pitcher, and some of his throws are strikes and some are balls. I have known of "homer" umpires—inclined to favor the home team, in a gesture of good will to the fans. But they didn't stay umpires long. Hank O'Day had caustic opinions about such umpiring and he expressed them fluently to me.

What's this matter of *control* the good umpire will possess? Quick thinking, positive action, unhesitating command of any situation in any play from first to last. The ability to cope with any emergency that may arise,

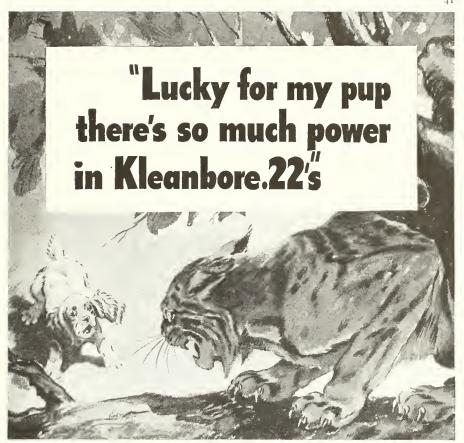
A lot of the emergencies which confronted the umpire of a generation ago won't arise again. For instance, teams used to throw in "punk" or dead balls when they got ahead, to keep the other side from scoring. I caught the Boston Braves red-handed at it one day, when they hired a man to throw down balls from the top of the grandstand. I gathered up a number of those balls and took them to league headquarters. Manager George Stallings of the Boston club agreed that the balls were "ringers" and all the managers agreed the trick would stop. No team would think of such a practice today and they couldn't get away with it if they did.

The good umpire will concentrate on his work without permitting undue velling or razzing from the bench or sidelines. He doesn't have to tolerate what umpires used to call "vocal interference." I established that rule many seasons ago. I banished from the field every sub on the Pittsburgh bench one day when they began a systematic razzing of my decisions with each pitch of the ball. On another occasion Catcher Bresnahan of the Giants took his place on the sidelines, and with each windup and throw of the opposing pitcher would yell at me, "Look at his foot!"-or some similar words to draw my attention from the pitch. I ordered him off the field for continuing this after I had warned him.

"Are you on the level, ordering me off?" he asked. I assured him that I was, and that in the future I would pay attention to the pitcher's feet, and other details of the game, without help from the sidelines

Manager McGraw used to get so excited coaching that he would run out on the field to direct the play. I insisted on the rule that coaching must be done within proper bounds.

By such actions through the years the authority of the umpire to conduct the game became respected. Today an umpire can control any game and meet any emergency with- (Continued on page 42)



"That pup showed great promise ... but he had more courage than judgment. We were out one day, the pup 'way ahead, when ...





"A terrific racket broke out. The pup sounded like he'd gone crazy. Then I saw what he'd treed... an enormous bobcat... crouched down on a limb.

"Time for one quick shot ... but that shot did the trick! And I thank my stars for the wallop those Kleanbore Hi-Speed .22's have!"



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And Make It Stick

(Continued from page 41)

out raising his voice or moving out of his tracks. His decision stands. There are no flying fists or swinging bats.

A whole section of the grandstand may show a fielder a merry time, as in that emergency blow-off in the 1034 World Series, when the Detroit fans showered Ducky Medwick of the Cardinals with an assortment of bottles and vegetables. But umpires and players alike can take that in their stride.

I ought to add another important qualification of the good umpire. He'll have a sense of humor. He's the autocrat of the game, but he learns to soften the rough edges of the contest with an appreciation of human nature.

Clean, sportsmanlike baseball is here to stay, and good umpiring is chiefly responsible. I vouldn't detract from the splendid influence the great players of the last forty years have had. My cap's off to fellows like Christy Mathewson,

Hans Wagner, Grover Alexander, Frank Chance, Clark Griffith, Babe Ruth, Mickey Cochrane, and a long list more who came into the national sport and pulled it up a notch or two every season. But good umpiring gave every great player his chance to bring to baseball some added element of good sportsmanship.

The players know that the umpire's word is backed by the management of the whole league and of organized baseball. They know he's neutral and they know he's right—most of the time!

The American Legion deserves thanks of all engaged in professional baseball and of all the fans the country over for its program of Junior Baseball. Their teams are feeding a lot of splendid young fellows into the organized leagues and maintaining a high standard of sportsmanship along with it.

We umpires feel that if we do our work

accurately and fearlessly, that spirit of sportsmanship will prevail. One incident will illustrate how that feeling has developed. St. Louis was playing Boston a double-header. Frankie Frisch, Cardinal manager, flared up in anger at a decision in the first game, and I sent him to the showers. At the end of the game the batboy appeared.

"Mr. Frisch wants to know if he can play in the second game," he said.

"No!" I yelled. In a few minutes the boy returned.

"Mr. Frisch wants to know if he can apologize!"

"Yes," I answered. And that good baseball sportsman did.

The game's starting—let's go! There'll be three umpires out there, each one aware he can make mistakes but that if he's a good umpire he'll be right 90.0 percent of the time. Where are you going to find a better average than that?

The King's Doughboy

(Continued from page 9)

damned thick skinned." But the sergeant major went without his food to continue the search for Private Turner's body.

"Damn those planes," growled his comrades, "they got poor old Alf at last. He didn't have a chance!"

NIGHT came ominously down over the Flanders plain. Men in the Canadian camp crawled into their holes and covered flickering candles, while they brewed tea, melted cheese over tiny flames, and munched hard tack.

And thought sadly about Private Turner.

They missed him. He had been good company. He would show recruits how to get comfort out of chaos. He would make old soldiers laugh with his gruff, critical comments on current and past army happenings. He would keep corporals and sergeants, even leftenants, on the alert with his schemings—like the time he had swapped a jug of water for a jug of rum under their very noses.

Now, candles are snuffed out, flaps to bivouacs adjusted, blankets respread . . . talk hushed . . . and the camp is still.

The camp is still . . . until midnight.

Then from out the darkness came noises, strange noises, as of men in distress.

The sleeping camp, sensitive to sound in such a quiet zone, stirred, scenting something unusual. Then awakened.

It plainly heard guttural groans, hoarse grunts, coming weirdly out of the darkness... The camp sat up.

The sounds grew louder . . . but were still unintelligible.

The mound denizens, like so many moles, appeared at their hole entrances. Blinking eyes searched the blackness for an explanation of the queer noises, now almost with the mud village.

"What is it? Who is it?" Brains numb with sleep queried in puzzlement.

Then, thicker than the night, blurred against the indistinct sky line, there was discerned laboring tortuously through the encampment a group of four figures. Following the quartet was a fifth form.

So arduously and slowly did the four straining figures progress that it was guessed, rather than seen, that they were bearing a burden.

Suddenly the man who was trailing flashed an electric torch full upon the party he was evidently in charge of.

In the clear white streak of the flashlight there was disclosed four stretcherbearers struggling through the mud carrying a litter.

Upon the litter lay what at first glance seemed to be only a bundle of mudencrusted blankets.

But as the camp pressed more closely about and examined more minutely the "bundle" it was seen with a shock that under the earth-caked coverings was the inert form of a man.

And then, to the amazement of the onlookers, they discovered that the man who had been following the stretcher squad was the regimental sergeant major.

At a command from the sergeant the stretcher-bearers lowered their burdened litter to the mud.

With a gentle stroke of almost caressing fingers the sergeant major turned the blankets, which had completely covered the stiff body on the stretcher, down from his head, revealing the face.

The figure on the litter was Private Turner, wrapped in bandages. To some of the hushed men it seemed he was still breathing; to others, as if he had ceased to struggle to maintain life hours before.

To all the men it seemed that they had never seen so many bandages on a man before.

For the most part they were headbandages; but he was recognizable.

Then it was seen that one of his arms was in a sling; and that one leg was encased in a splint.

But the look on his face was serene.

Even in his agony, Private Turner was serene—aye, thought the men, he was happy.

"Poor Alf . . ." murmured the camp.

"Three years in the line . . . then to get it while out on rest! . . ."

"He's stiff... must have been out two days and almost two nights! He looks had!"

"They sure got him right!"

Then, suddenly, another form appeared out of the darkness. The men snapped to attention.

In the glare of the flashlight stood the commanding officer — stern, military solemn.

He stood over the stretcher and gazed down in silence at the stiff form encased in bandages and wrapped in blankets. Then he said simply:

"Poor Turner. He was a good soldier." He turned to the regimental sergeant major.

"Where did you find his body?"

"On the outskirts of the camp, sir. Between our camp and the American camp, sir. I found him and immediately called the stretcher-bearers to bring him in, sir.'

Again the commanding officer stared sadly down upon the prostrate figure huddled on the litter, and slowly shook his head in bitter resignation.

"A good man he was, major," he repeated. "He went through three years of it with me-and took everything they had, shells, rifles, bayonets, gas, machine guns-nothing could stop him!"

The commanding officer pointed at the bandages.

"Machine-gun bullets?" he asked.

"No, sir!" said the sergeant major, "He--"

"I know. It took the bombs to get him! Those damn bombs!'

And grinding his heel into the earth, he wheeled and strode off into the dark-

The regimental sergeant major heaved a long, soulful sigh.

Then he said:

"Bombs, hell! The Yanks got paid yesterday! Turner will be all right in a week!"

ARE YOU ONE OF THESE?

ACCORDING to a statement issued by Watson B. Miller, Director of The American Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, approximately 150,000 veterans of the World War, and their dependents, who are entitled to adjusted compensation benefits have failed to make application. Also, from the same source a warning has been issued that the final date for filing is looming just over the horizonveterans have but nine months now in which to file their claims. Unless authority is granted to extend the time limit (and there is no good reason to believe such extension will be granted), the right to apply will expire on January 2, 1940.

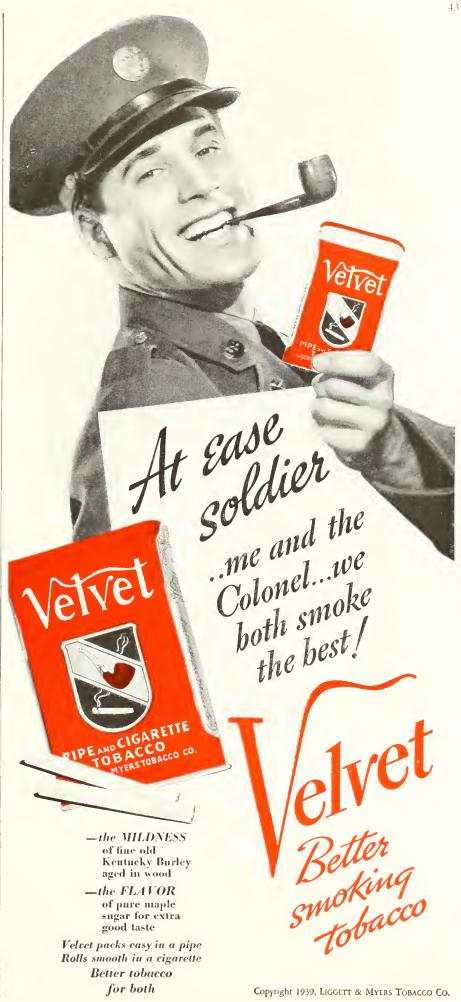
In this case procrastination is not only a thief of time but lightens the purse of many who are, perhaps, not aware of their rights in the matter. Anyway, the certificates are to be had by eligibles who make proper application before January 2, 1940; no matter what reason for delay or procrastination.

The best estimates available list the following classifications of nonapplicants:

60,000 living veterans who have not applied for certificates.

15,000 living veterans who have not applied for cash payment where the amount due is less than \$50.

75,000 dependents of deceased veterans who have not applied for the quarterly benefits available after the veteran's death.



Kentucky Goes into High

(Continued from page 21)

brothers, tall lean hikers who weren't any more afraid of anything than a blind horse is of a cotton pistol. They were feuding with a family—over the killing of a hog, they say—I forgot who shot whose hog. These Tooners were the last of their family, but they sure made up for time when they started evening up. When

they pulled their guns, believe me, they made 'em smoke. Long, blue guns that threw a slug that stopped you right where you lit.

"Well, the Tooner boys got to quarreling with each other one night and took to throwing lead. They shot each other and both were found dead in the morning with——."

At this moment the tires roared. At that instant I was looking at a tall lean lad, riding towards us on a sack of cornmeal thrown over the back of a horse. For just a minute looking at this mountain lad those Tooner boys were living and leveling smoking guns again.

The air was smoking, all right, but not from guns, as we looked at the flat. They might even have got me to work except for the presence down the road of an unpainted mountain cabin

where lived mountain boys who changed tires instead of guns.

By now, you must understand, the complexion of the country had changed swiftly. Already we were among steep, pyramidal-shaped hills, wooded and covered with thin snow; and beyond, looming against the sky, were the dark crests of the Cumberlands. There were a few houses of unpainted, square-hewn logs, chinked with plaster. The mountains of romance and legend! And a young man in denim and brown leather coat trotting towards us was a mountaineer.

He touched his hat in salutation, "Howdy, how're you living?"

His query, I later discovered, is almost standard in the mountains; dating doubtless from border days when you didn't live too well

Presently, shivering Joe Lovett said, "Let's go in the store and get warm. It's colder than the frost on a step-father's beard."

So we all ran down to the mountain store to get what C. N. Florence called "some piert'nins," which, coming from "pert," meaning to feel smart and good, means liquid refreshment that brings the feeling of smart and good. We certainly needed something; the dismal truth was now apparent; we would be an hour late, perhaps two hours. Joe Lovett's record of punctuality was to be broken.

But he took it grand, grinning at me



"Rush over with the money for my fine, dear, but look out for the motorcycle cops at the Lane and Cedar St. crossing."

and saying, "See those corn fields on the sides of the mountains?"

I had seen them, wondering how man and mule could keep balance to plow on what was practically the side of a wall. Still grinning, Joe said, "They plant that corn with a shotgun."

And then, somehow, the talk got around to what is technically called white mule and sundry examples of its potency. Tom said that down in Corbin they once had had a brand of distilled panther sweat called Five Stripes; and with each drink they handed you a whiskbroom to dust yourself off when you got up. But all this didn't hide Joe's gloom. To divert his mind Tom began to explain queer word usages; and told of the woman testifying as to the appearance of a man who had just shot another man; and she said, "He was as pieded as a rattlesnake." Which we decided was Elizabethan and distant kin to piebald meaning a spotted horse.

Meanwhile, we made knots and it appeared that we might still be on time. We reached the Morgan County-Magoffin County Line. Everybody was cheered.

Suddenly the reserve tire roared on the still mountain air.

Nor was this all. We had expected no more than a few minutes' delay. But, unluckily, the spare tire hastily patched at the little mountain cabin stop, leaked. We had no spare, and around us was nothing but miles of brooding silent

mountains. We stood around glumly for a space. Then Tom said that Salyersville was only four miles ahead. That was a dreadful mistake.

Up spoke Joe Lovett: "I can walk that on my hands to save time. Come on, Fred, we'll send out a tire."

We set off for Salyersville. Now, the last time I walked six miles was in 1918 when I carried all the weight on my back and my chest hadn't fallen. Also I am no human fly when it comes to clambering mountains. (My feet were worn to the ankles when a car took us into Salversville—twelve miles away. So it happened that the walk, the blow-out, and the delay gave me a peek into "Mortimer's General Store and Luncheonette" on a Saturday afternoon when the mountain folk were in town. This, I thought, is the thrill of

the day, here are the real Kentucky Mountaineers. I entered eagerly.

I expected to see homespun and beards, barefeet and calico; squirrel rifles and six-guns. I saw, instead, young high school girls who could have been dropped anywhere in the United States and attract no attention by their garb. I saw youths with bell-bottomed trousers and snap-brim hats; a radio was blaring, "Flat-foot Floogie with a Floy Floy," and there youngsters were going to town like any other group of jitter-bugs bitten by swing.

A lot of illusions smashed then and I said so. Joe, talking around some swell ham and eggs, explained. "Before the war there were plenty of hard bean men in the mountains. As the saying went, 'there was hair on 'em, and hell in 'em.' But they were nice and pleasant-spoken until they got their mad up, as they said. Then they were tough—like the mountaineer who busted up a crap game in 1018 when he wanted to go to sleep."

"What do you mean busted a crap game?" I asked. "Give."

Well, it seemed that there were thirteen men out of an Alabama regiment in a dugout, and after the crap game had run most of the night it busted one of them, a young Kaintuck boy. He was tired, and he was broke, so he said, "Gents, stop the game. I'm going to bed." They laughed at him, and he got a little pale but he said patiently, "Gents, I'm a-tellin' you to put up them dice." They told him what he could do. He said, "Gents, for the third and last time I'm tellin' you to put up them dice." They cussed him and refused. Young Kaintuck took out a Mills grenade, pulled the pin and threw it down among them. "All right," he said, "fade that." They did with their lives—and lost, all thirteen of

Joe was feeling much better after that until we found out Pikeville was sixty miles ahead and it was now four-thirty P. M., and we had been due there at one. But we rolled on, Joe saying, "I'll make the banquet anyway even if I have to half-sole ten cussed tires myself."

Well, we made Pikeville at seven o'clock, and this introduced me to the remarkable Hotel James Hatcher, the walls of whose lobby are covered with mottoes, historical snatches and such apothegms as, "QUIET! Silence Is The Only Substitute For Brains.'

In this unique lobby a score or more Legionnaires had gathered, tall, rangy men, deep in their forties, eyes twinkling as they perceived the chagrin of their department commander. Tom tried to take the rap for us. He said, "Arch, believe it or not, five flat tires.'

Arch Meredith, district commander, is a dark-haired genial soul with youngish, twinkling alert eyes. He looked at us and said, "I see four-where's the fifth?"

I laughed feebly-if at all. But after the shout of mirth had died away I got a look at what I had come a long hard way to see, the Kentucky Legionnaires in action. When Joe Lovett and Tom Hayden, too, began to sound off about the year's program, I saw something like a spiritual fervor among these men. For these mountain veterans take their Legion seriously, particularly here in the mining district. Some Legionnaires living but ten miles as the crow flies, had traveled fifty or more miles to give this day-off to the Legion. I watched their faces as Joe began to tell them about the Kentucky School Boy Safety Patrol campaign. As he began to bear down, they sat up erect, alert, interested. These were faces of men drawn together by a common memory, kindly faces, faces of men deeply moved to do a really generous deed.

Joe, warmed up, described the young boys of each school, wearing white caps, white belts, slicker and safety patrol badge, and how these boys could guard each bus and each crossing to save the lives of their schoolmates by trained precautions.

"I want by next June," he roared,

"three thousand boys in the school safety patrol, and you've got to start it in your schools and you've got to do it right away."

They roared their approval to that. Then Tom Hayden told them how they had to get behind the two Legion amendments to the Kentucky state constitution to get Federal funds for widows and

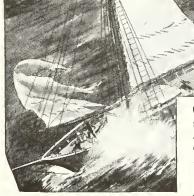
orphans of the State; and to get help for some 3,400 indigent blind who are now practically beggars. Tom said, "You talk this up, and on election day you cover the voting booths, and have sample ballots. Kentucky doesn't often amend its constitution, but this is one time it's got to do it twice.'

And they (Continued on page 46)

NO CAMERAS TURN, AS FILM-SHIP FIGHTS FOR LIFE

GRANDSON OF "BOUNTY" MUTINEER BRINGS SOUTH SEA TRADER THROUGH REAL "HURRICANE" TO MAKE MOVIE VERSION

"At two a. m. I decided to take in all sails," writes Captain George H. Simpson, technical advisor, acting as second mate of the power schooner "Lanikai" bound from Seattle to San Pedro for service in the South Seas movie "Hurricane.'



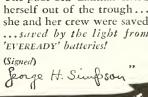
2 "The gale howled and shrieked like a thousand devils ... and at that moment the motor stopped! We slid into the trough of mountainous seas, the head sails blew out with a report like a cannon, and the forward rigging snapped. We lowered foresail and mainsail as quickly as possible, for the sea was rolling the masts out of her...They must get that motor started!

3 "As I stuck my head in the engine-room hatch to urge the engineers to hurry with repairs, a seam opened in the ship's side flooding the generators and adding darkness to our troubles. I darted on deck to get the four 'Eveready' flashlights in my cabin just as the main boom split with the crack of a pistol shot. And as I returned with the lights, there came a splintering crash from forward...the jib boom carried away, hurling a sailor the length of the foredeck as green seas broke over us. But, thanks to the flashlight, we got him.



4 "Lashing two of the lights in the engine room and begging the engineers to hurry, I went back on deck to play the other two lights on the crew as they lashed down the writhing, murderous wire rigging and rigged jury stays.

"Yes, those fresh DATED 'Eveready' batteries stood by us though soaked and battered. At last the engine coughed...then took hold. The poor old 'Lanikai' lifted herself out of the trough ... she and her crew were saved .. saved by the light from





FRESH BATTERIES LAST LONGER ... Look for the DATE-LIN

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC., 30 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. Unit of Union Carbide I and Carbon Corporation

Kentucky Goes into High

(Continued from page 45)

roared approval to that suggestion, too.

Both at Pikeville and later (after more tribulations) in Ashland I listened to Joe and Tom sound off on the broad department program. Community Service and membership were the main objectives, Joe said. "We're well up on our membership, and I want you to put out on Community Service. I want you to push the 'Boys' State' plan whereby young men can go to summer camp and study practical citizenship, have a junior republic to teach them what makes a real democracy."

Watching the warm, interested faces of these 100 Legionnaires, feeling the almost spiritual emanation of men stirred to deep emotion, can give you an awful boost. You feel swell and kindly all over, and everybody is good in the world and there is no deviltry anywhere. So I went happily back to the Hotel James Hatcher, and stood in a nice glow before the fireplace of this odd hostelry. Before me was a sign which read, "If You Carry Coal At

Home For Wife, Pick Up Bucket, go get it here and You Will feel Like It's Home."

But for that six-mile walk earlier in the day I'd have brought a bucket at that. I felt that uplifted.

LACK of space forces me merely to report the next and sixth puncture that occurred in Louisa enroute to Ashland; and also the bus-ride which Joe and I made in order to reach that district conference before the spring thaw. I found the two hundred Legionnaires and Auxiliares here possessed of the same intent, purposeful look, and listening with the same concentration. Looking at them I was reminded of a scrap of information casually given me by Tom. He had said, "You know, they never put the draft into effect in Breathitt County back in 1018. All the young men had already gone to war."

Give these eastern Kentuckians a job, and like their brethren down in the Blue Grass around Lexington, and their comrades in what Joe calls the hock of the ham (western Kentucky), they immediately begin to put out service in large quantities. Here in Kentucky the Legion is everything to most of its members, and they give it all they have. Going across Kaintuck and seeing them was like visiting the front lines in 1918 and watching the infantry stand-to, prepared for battle.

I had seen in action the men who do the work, day in and day out, that makes the Kentucky Department admired from the Cumberlands to the Mississippi. I said as much to Joe when we bade farewell in Louisville.

"Certainly, they work," declared Joe. "Why not? Believe me, when one of our peckerwoods gets up in session and says, 'I'm a Kentuckian, sir,' he's telling you something important. And he has to live up to that name every day and every year, and he does."

Well, Joe, here's one peckerwood who believes you, sure enough.

Short Circuit

(Continued from page 15)

and Millie thought: He would assume the risk of this dirty job! Not in his code to delegate it to his inferior. Even if Jim were his superior he still would take on the job, because Jim is a married man with two children.

A swarthy young man in the single seat farthest aft and just across the aisle and a little forward of Millie's desk, raised his arm suddenly—whereat the pseudo maniac whirled swiftly and drove a short, furious blow to Marty's chin.

Millie watched her beloved fall over into the lap of two men in a three passenger seat. His assailant looked down at Marty and satisfied himself that no further trouble could be expected from that quarter; Millie saw that he was wearing brass knuckles on his left hand. Meanwhile the swarthy young man had risen and drawn an automatic pistol. "This is a hold-up!" he shouted. "Everybody quiet, please, and then nobody will get hurt." He glared down at Millie. "You done your good deed for the day," he said, "when you brought the guy out." He grasped her telephone and tore it off the wire, then proceeded to order the male passengers to stand up and be frisked for lethal weapons.

Meanwhile a third bandit had risen quietly from his seat. He jerked Marty Reeves out into the aisle, robbed him of his keys and gun and proceeded to unlock the door which Marty, ever mindful of the rules of the Bureau of Air Com-

merce, had thoughtfully closed behind him when he emerged. While the swarthy young man cowed the passengers the late maniac, grinning at his own deadly joke, followed the third man up the corridor to the steel-grilled gate that led into the cockpit. Jim Burton's glance was on his instrument board; they had the gate open and the co-pilot covered before the latter could reach for his gun.

The pretended maniac slipped into the seat recently vacated by Marty Reeves and grasped the steering wheel; he nodded to his companion, who thereupon struck Jim Burton over the head with a short hard-rubber sap. Then he unbuckled the safety belt, dragged the copilot into the forward baggage compartment and jammed him in and locked the door on him. Returning to the passenger compartment he dragged Marty Reeves down the aisle to the rear baggage compartment, tossed him in among the bags and suit-cases and locked the door, after which he assisted the swarthy man to frisk the passengers for weapons.

Millie noticed that they had no intention of robbing the passengers. Mail robbers, she thought. They had a tip that this ship is carrying some very valuable registered mail.

She walked forward and said to the swarthy young man:

"Does that pilot of yours know his business?"

"He used to fly a ten-place ship in

Mexico. He ain't flown none for a couple years but he can manage all right."

"He'll land on an emergency field in the Nevada desert, of course," Millie opined, "and probably wash out the landing gear when he does. When in doubt get set for trouble," and she got down the little pillows she was wont to distribute to sleepy passengers, placed a pillow on each passenger's abdomen and drew the safety belt tight. "Makes it easier when the bump comes in a rough landing," she explained. "Those little pillows make it harder for the belt to cut one in two in a crash," and she smiled her most radiant smile and actually forced a little chuckle at her own grim jest. "This bandit is an experienced pilot but then I never wholly trust any pilot not on the payroll of Amalgamated," she told herself.

One of the bandits got in her way and was shoved vigorously aside. He appeared surprised and embarrassed. "I hope, when your pal lands this ship, you take a header through that bulkhead and break your worthless neck," she told him, and this airing of her temper eased her fear. "Expect to make a big haul?"

"Half a million," he replied boastfully.
"Chicago bank is sending it out to stop a run on a Nevada bank."

When she had laced in the last passenger she laced herself in. The swarthy young man stood beside her and entered into conversation.

"Took over kinda slick, eh?" he suggested.

"You and your pals aren't so dull," she complimented him. "The Bureau of Air Commerce investigated the crash of a transport on the Atlantic Seaboard last year and decided the pilot had been interfered with-probably by a maniac. So the Bureau promulgated a rule that the doors leading to the cockpits on all transports shall be kept closed and locked during the flight, unless, of course, an emergency occurs."

The swarthy bandit grinned. "They leave it to the pilot to determine if an emergency exists, so we provided the emergency and he thought well enough of it to come out of his hole. The rest was easy."

"Perfect planning, perfect timing and perfect coördination," Millie assured him admiringly. "I suppose you lads even realized I'd telephone the pilot there was a maniacal killer on the loose in the passenger compartment, and thus bring him out."

"We thought of every little thing," he bragged.

"Whenever a ship makes an emergency landing on an unknown field," Millie advised the bandit, "the pilot, provided he has time, always 'drags' the field at least once, looking for rocks, ravines, or other dangers to a safe landing.'

"Our partner done that early this morning, then flew to Elko and wired us his O. K. to Salt Lake City."

"You boys think of everything. Well, I'll try you again. Whenever a transport is coming into an airport the man in the tower 'phones the pilot the direction and force of the wind and reminds him to let his wheels down. Some very excellent pilots have been known to forget to let the retractable landing gear down and as a result there was an omelette. Suppose you go forward and remind your pilot to let down his wheels."

"Well, you finally did hit on something we overlooked," he declared, and started forward, just as the loud raucous voice of a motor horn sounded through the ship. Millie followed the bandit to the grilled door leading into the cockpit and looking past him to the instrument board saw burning there the red light that, on the Sky Liners, is warning to the pilot to let down his wheels, after the ship has reached a certain altitude. At a still lower altitude an electric horn sounds automatically.

"Let down your wheels," the swarthy young man shouted to the pilot, who turned a frightened face to him and nodded his understanding, at the same time laying his hand on the lever which is pulled when the wheels are to be lowered.

"They're jammed," he yelled. "I pulled the lever and they won't come down. There's a short circuit somewhere." He shoved the throttles forward and as the ship gathered speed the horn stopped; he pulled back the wheel and started climbing. (Continued on page 48)





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Short Circuit

(Continued from page 47)

Millie drew the other bandit back into the passage. "Well," she asked sweetly, "who's looney now?"

The fellow wet his lips and stared at her; the late alleged lunatic, standing on guard in the rear of the cabin, eyed them apprehensively. Millie continued: "That was one little detail you forgot to figure on—that the wheels might jam and embarrass your pilot in making his landing. His face is green. He's scared witless. He knows an expert might be able to land this huge transport on her belly and not crack her up or nose her over and scramble her passengers, but he isn't that expert! He's flown the old types of transports, half the size of this Sky Liner, and he hasn't the courage to take a chance and slide her in on the fuselage."

THE swarthy young manturned ghastly green. "The rat's gone yellow on us," he gritted. "Could your pilot land her safely without the wheels down?"

"Of course. He's the finest flyer in the world," Millie declared. "Listen, mister. I'm not interested in the registered air mail, because in all probability it's insured, but I am interested in these passengers. So I'll coöperate. Tell your pal to let me into the baggage compartment to work on the pilot and bring him back to consciousness, so he can take over the wheel; then go forward and tell your pilot to keep her up and circling until our pilot takes over. Mr. Reeves will do the job for you. He will not risk the loss of the ship or the lives of the passengers merely to save registered mail."

When she entered the baggage compartment Marty Reeves was sitting up holding his throbbing head. Both bandits stood in the doorway and looked anxiously in.

"Get away from that door and close it," Millie commanded. "I can't work with you scoundrels staring at me. When he's ready to take over I'll let you know."

"Okay, sister," they replied humbly, and obeyed.

"What happened, Millie?" Marty Reeves queried. Millie told him, omitting no detail.

"That skunk," Marty complained, "hit me with brass knuckles," and he caressed a blue lump on his jaw.

"Take a sniff of this," Millie urged, and held under his nose a small bottle of aromatic spirits of ammonia. "Could you land this ship if you had to?"

He stood up and shook himself, "Give me five minutes and I can. Why?"

"Because you're going to have to. Don't ask questions, but we're going to steal this ship back from those bandits and capture the bandits. They have attempted to rob the United States mails and the Government pays a reward of five thousand dollars per bandit for all bandits caught trying that. Could we use fifteen thousand dollars, Marty?"

"Twenty," he corrected her. "Number four bandit will be waiting at the get-away plane at the emergency landing field. But how are you going to do it? I'm afraid I'll be no help."

"Never mind. I'll arrange all that. In five minutes I'm going to send for those two crooks to help you forward. Pretend you're weaker and woozier than you are—and stand by for results. Also—keep your eyes tightly closed. Understand? Keep them closed."

Presently she stepped out into the passenger space and beckoned the two bandits to her. "He can land the ship," she informed them. "You two go in there and help him forward. One on each arm, understand, because if he should fall and crack his head against the metal base of one of the seats he might go out for good. So it's up to you to treat him tenderly."

"We will, sister, we will," the swarthy bandit promised. When they emerged from the baggage room door supporting Marty between them Millie was standing in front of her desk but behind her she held the foot long by about three inches in diameter fire extinguisher which, in all Sky Liners, is fitted into a bracket on the wall between the galley door and the door of the ship.

As the three men emerged and turned to cross the after end of the transport preparatory to turning left and proceeding up the aisle, Millie noted that Marty's eyes were tightly closed. "Good old army man," Millie thought. "Obeys without asking questions."

She raised the extinguisher and expertly shot a squirt of pungent pyrene into the eyes of each bandit. Instantly they let go Marty and brought their hands up to their eyes; their sudden moans were as music to Millie's ears. "Take it—and like it," she cried, and brought the brass container down on each bandit head. Both men dropped as if struck by lightning and Millie cried: "I hope I've given them each a fracture."

"HURRAH for our side," said Marty, and then he was downon his knees frisking the fallen for their weapons and his gun and Jim Burton's and the keys. "Into the bastile with them," Millie urged joyously, and Marty, assisted by a passenger, tossed them into the baggage compartment and locked the door.

Both doors leading to the cockpit were wide open. "I'll run interference for you, Marty," Millie suggested, and picked up the hard-rubber sap. "Be right behind me to take over when I sock him. He will not suspect me of felonious designs."

She was so happy to have saved Marty,

to have saved the registered mail and, possibly, the ship and passengers, that she wanted to shout. She strolled sedately into the cockpit and pointed off through the window. "Look at the ship's shadow on the desert, you big boob," she shouted. "The wheels are down."

He leaned out and looked. As he looked, Marty Reeves slipped into the other seat and took the wheel—and Millie socked! Then she screeched, "Whe-e-e-e!" faced Marty and thrust out her adorable chin. "Well," she demanded, "do I measure up to your ideals of the service?"

"Not quite," he shouted back. "You crow too soon. Snake that man out on the floor before he falls over in the throttles and jims things up."

Millie unbuckled the safety belt and dragged the unconscious man into the corridor; she peeled back his eyelid and saw that the pupil was quite contracted, so she knew *he* would not be up and around for quite a while. She went back into the cockpit.

"What orders?" she demanded.

HE pointed. "See that red dot down there on the desert, Millie? That's the getaway plane parked on that old dry lake bed. Remember, I made an emergency landing there once to repair a broken oil pipe on the port motor. I'm landing. I'll taxi up to that little ship and you open the door as soon as I stop; maybe the fourth man will come over and let us bag him."

She buckled the safety belt around Marty and gave him a couple of long sniffs of aromatic spirits of ammonia. He leaned out the window into the edge of the cool slip stream and said he felt grand—and then the red light came on and the siren began to toot. But Marty paid no attention to the clamor; he continued to nose down and he and Millie exchanged prideful grins. What that bandit pilot had not known was that a good pilot can land a Skyliner with her retractable landing gear jammed and not have to slide her in on her belly, for the wheels on a Skyliner are not wholly retracted, but protrude about a third of their diameter below the recess in the fuselage and rotate freely. One merely makes an allowance accordingly and this Marty did.

Millie opened the door as the ship stopped. She looked out and saw a young man leave the shade of the wing of his plane and walk across. He was carrying a step ladder. Confidently he placed it against the floor and climbed nimbly up into an automatic in the hands of Marty Reeves. Millie unlocked the baggage compartment and the visitor, after having been relieved of a pistol, went

humbly inside and sat down beside his unconscious pals. Marty then dragged Jim Burton out of the forward baggage compartment and stowed the bandit pilot in; the co-pilot was just coming to and his head was bleeding freely where the sap had split his scalp. So Millie got out her first-aid kit and started to work on him; when she was through she put a pillow under his aching head and, leaving him to lie at ease in the corridor, she went forward into the cockpit, for now that her work was done she felt suddenly weak and lonely and frightened. Marty noticed she had turned ashen and was trembling.

"If you faint on me after all your gallantry in action, Millie, I'll be so disappointed I'll probably weep. I'll hate you forever," he threatened.

Millie smiled hideously at the thought of being hated by him forever. Marty went on: "And it would break my heart to have to hate a girl I love most to death."

Millie's trembling ceased abruptly and the color came creeping back into her face. "Indeed! And how long has this interesting condition afflicted you, Mr. Reeves?"

"Since the first day I met you."

"What an uncommunicative young man you are, Mr. Reeves! Cat steal your tongue?"

"Yes-the cat of circumstances. I couldn't see myself telling you I loved you without asking you to marry me and I couldn't ask you to marry me because I couldn't afford a wife. I've had an invalid mother on my hands for three years, Millie. Automobile accident—spinal cord crushed—total paralysis. Sued the owner of the car that hit her-he was heavily insured—but the case dragged and was appealed and doctor bills and hospital bills and three nurses on a twenty-four hour shift and lawyer's fees-kept me broke. But mother died two months ago and last week the state supreme court sustained the verdict of the superior court and the insurance company paid the judgment, with costs and interest. And only yesterday I received a telegram from the Chicago office informing me I was grounded to take over the job of chief of operations, at double my salary as a pilot."

"So now you're garrulous!" said Millie. "How interesting!"

"No sneers, Millie," he admonished. "You can't play the part of a sneerer worth a hoot."

"So what?" Millie murmured.

"So, will you marry me, that's what?"
But Millie had to be sure of her ground, for she had doubted for six months. "What makes you think you want to marry me, Marty?" she countered, savoring every split second of all this unnecessary delay.

"Because I love you and because I've just looked you over for the last time and you'll do. Millie, you have what it takes—courage and (Continued on page 50)





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Short Circuit

(Continued from page 49)

fidelity to the job—and if you take on the job of being my wife I'll know how faithful you can be. Millie, do you love me enough to marry me?"

"So you came through at last! Of course I'll marry you! I've been crazy to for the past six months!"

"You might give a fellow a kiss?"

Millie gave it—and half a dozen more. "You're swell kissing," Marty declared. "Just for that I'm going to give you my share of the government reward, if any." He picked up the radio-phone. "Reeves, Amalgamated, Trip Six," he intoned half a dozen times. Then: "Delayed ten minutes. First air transport mail robbery attempted and ship captured, then recaptured, bandits safe under hatches and heading for Reno again. No casualties except Jim Burton. No. not fatally. Concussion. Have ambulance at field for him and Black Maria and detail of police. Also new crew to fly her over The Hump. Present crew not up to it; and be sure to notify the press. Swell publicity for the line. The papers all over the country will eat it up. Miss Jarvis, the stewardess, was the heroine and not a phony newspaper heroine, either. . . . You bet. Human interest in

gobs...sort of makes a sap out of me to have this thing happen, but then all's well that ends well."

He hung the radio mouthpice and earphones back on the bracket. "Millie," he said, "what made you think of that fire extinguisher?"

"I had to. You needed help, didn't you? And was I going to permit a bunch of dirty crooks to make a Patsy of you? Why, darling, I just simply had to think of it."

"There was no real necessity for such desperate action," he protested. "The registered mail is insured and passengers cannot be sacrificed to protect insurance companies. My duty was to land the ship on orders from those bandits, in order to protect my passengers."

"I—I was afraid," Millie confessed, "that you might take a chance and try a little socking on your own account after you got out of the baggage room. And if you did you might win, but—you might also be killed or badly hurt. And I—I—just couldn't afford that!"

Said Marty Reeves, quoting Holy writ. "There be two things that I do not understand—yea, three. The way of an eagle in the air, the way of a serpent on

a rock and the way of a maid with a man."

He ran his motors up and turned the ship into the wind. He glanced at his watch. "About ten minutes behind schedule," he announced, "but with this tail wind we'll make up the lost time." He checked every instrument on the board, turned to her and said:

"Back on your job, Millie."

"I'll not," Millie blazed. "What if you should faint?"

"I'm not the type," he replied, "and anyhow, if I should, the automatic pilot will hold her until I snap out of it. I have a sore jaw but my head doesn't ache."

Said Millie: "This is my last day in the service of Amalgamated Air Lines and I'll never have another opportunity to ride in the cockpit of a commercial transport. So I'm staying."

"Go back to your passengers where you belong," he ordered sternly. "It's strictly against both company and Bureau of Air Commerce regulations for a non-pilot to occupy the cockpit during flight. Remember, Millie, there is no sentiment in this business."

Millie wrinkled her nose at him. "Says you!"

Destiny Dons Wings

(Continued from page 17)

as defensive in function, in emergencies.

Consequently, he argued, an air army, free of all such handicaps as those confronting navies and land armies, represented a nation's one offensive force. There is no such thing as effective defense against an air army, he maintained, either in the air or from the ground. Anti-air-craft guns he described as a waste of energy and matériel.

Not many European experts conceded the latter point, but all have come to agreement that the first phase of any new war will be an attempt to achieve complete mastery of the air. With full domination a fact, all other combat forces, as well as civil populations, may be rendered impotent by the systematic destruction of strategic centers.

General Douhet's conception of the air army necessary to achieve the results outlined was based on a standing air force, the superiorities of which would not be measured merely in numbers, but in effectiveness. As fuel loads increase for long-range objectives bomb loads must be reduced. Therefore, every bomb must be the most destructive force capable of being conceived by man. The Douhet air army contemplated no reserves other than planes and personnel as replace-

ments of the active air force. In a constant state of preparedness it would strike with maximum force the instant war became a reality. So far did General Douhet eventually advance his theories that he came to maintain that to assign air force auxiliaries to either land or sea forces constituted a waste of men and machines. His final conception stood based on major development of bombardment squadrons as the units carrying destruction to the enemy. Pursuit and interceptor planes were to serve only as protective escort to the bombers, or defensively against invading bombers. Of attack planes for ground strafing he would have none.

At the age of 61 General Douhet died in 1930. His theories often were rejected by other ranking Fascist officers as evidenced by Italian naval and military expansion, by the character of military aircraft development under General Balbo, Fascist air chief. Yet air maneuvers in Italy based on the Douhet principles carried out with a thousand military aircraft in 1931 proved so revolutionarily effective to European military observers as to be rated above the battleship bombing tests conducted in America in 1921.

It remains to be said that while Douhet adherents saw in the compliant withdrawal of the British fleet from the Mediterranean in the Ethiopian crisis fulfilment of one important Douhet theory, that in his theoretical rejection of use of aircraft as an auxiliary to ground forces he has twice since his death been proved in error, though obviously not in a firstclass war. Direct use of aircraft against primitive Ethiopian warriors proved a major factor in the swift subjugation of that hitherto unconquered country. The Italian rout at Guadalajara in the Spanish civil war is attributable chiefly to ground strafing tactics of loyalist flyers when the columns moving to the attack became mired.

But the Ethiopian, Spanish and Asiatic wars are not to be thought of except as sidelights in considering probabilities of a war in modern Europe. Even the Japanese air force, though swiftly expanding, is not to be rated as a first-class air power remotely approaching the winged armies of the European Powers. In the latter countries, industrial predominance, complex modes of life, and other factors, economic and geographical, compound a problem ideally adapted to application of the Douhet doctrine.

What then did the humbled diplomats at Munich foresee, based on information supplied by their own military experts, which caused them to bow to Hitler's will?

Certainly impressions conveyed to newspaper readers in America by precrisis cables, the haste abroad to get every citizen from the cradle to senility into gas-masks, lacked justification. If the same conception prevailed abroad it was intentional distortion by the military authorities to arouse the citizenry from lethargy induced by previous reassurances that war was impossible by reason of the success of rearmament policies. For toxic gas plays a minor rôle, if at all, in any initial phase of air warfare. Immediate need of bomb shelters likewise has small justification.

The one fact demonstrated repeatedly from the World War to the undeclared wars now current is that the morale of civilians and warriors does not suffer sudden collapse because of threats of terror from the skies. In Madrid and Barcelona, in Shanghai, Hankow and Canton, savage air bombardments served to increase determination to resist rather than to result in an assumed agitation for immediate peace. Increased determination to fight to the finish caused by air raids on London and Paris in the World War led the German high command to veto the proposal for use of incendiary bombs in further air attacks.

Gas bombs do not contain explosives for the reason that an explosive force would dissipate the vital quality of concentration. Toxic gases are universally heavy. Because of the common arrangement of cities in blocks, buildings generally serve as barriers to localize the spread of fumes to a single block's area. British experts propound that it requires thirty tons of gas bombs to saturate effectively a square mile of area.

To douse the 76 square miles of London would require the concentrated attention of 6000 planes, Berlin with its 37 square miles would demand 3000 bombers, Paris with its 27 square miles 2000 planes. Allowing 30 percent losses among the attacking fleet by reason of anti-aircraft defense in the skies and from the ground it may be seen that the forces required generally exceed the numbers of bombers usually attributed by the experts to any one nation.

There are so many more important strategic objectives than any capital city to be struck at in the first phase of an air war, the gas conception may be dismissed.

Above such logic a more important consideration appears. Air warfare principally is based on the policy of retaliation. Although all European nations have large stores of gas bombs on hand, for fear of reprisals one nation would hesitate long before starting that hideous form of warfare. The principal use of gas bombs in combat since the World War is on the fascist record in Ethiopia. It proved

devastatingly effective, for it was chiefly horrible mustard gas—but then, the Ethiopians had neither planes nor gas bombs with which to threaten retaliation.

The first phase of an air war is that laid down by General Douhet, to gain complete mastery of the air. That is accomplished by first driving the enemy from the air. That ideal was no less an objective in any major offensive on the Western Front, but at no time was domination of the air more than localized over certain areas of the battlefields. Elsewhere enemy planes flew as usual.

Now there are those who foresee as initial tactics the attempt to join two or more vast sky forces in a titanic battle, literally thousands upon thousands of planes engaged in an immediate struggle to the death. Such a conception ignores the fact that the air bases of every European power are scattered for safety throughout the length and breadth of every country. Before such vast forces could be concentrated an air mobilization would have to take place. There is no air base or group of air bases where such numbers of planes could be simultaneously serviced to take off as a single unit, or by large divisions. Should mobilization in flight be attempted the fuel problem must be considered. Obviously those flying the greatest distance would be forced to quit the battle long before those planes starting from nearby bases. In any event any such monster sky battle would be regulated by fuel limitations. It could last a matter of hours at the longest, and assuming generally equal fuel capacities for the machines of both sides, it is plain that the air force traveling the greater distance towards enemy territory would be seriously handicapped.

What surely will happen will be the dispatch of scores of combat units consisting of a few hundred planes each to widely separated objectives of the enemy. As stated the basis of air warfare is reprisal, wherefore air leaders will if possible avoid direct contact. Forces on both sides speeding to bomb enemy objectives will endeavor to arrive with minimum loss of effective planes.

Based on the Douhet principles common to all European Powers modern air strategy is executed by an Offensive Air Army, the backbone of which are the bombers, the units carrying destruction. Pursuit and interceptor types serve to protect the bombers or defend the air against invading bombers. Attack aviation, an important American development, has small place in Europe's air forces.

Functions of the branches of these air armies do not differ importantly. Nor is comparative air strength to be measured merely by numbers of planes. Key to superiority must be looked for in fields of performance of the various types. Firepower is a prime requisite both in air combat offense and defense. Useful load is another, and (Continued on page 52)

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Destiny Dons Wings

(Continued from page 51)

that factor is dependent on range, as General Douhet has shown. Speed is vital. Obviously the fastest planes may elude their pursuers. Maneuverability is rated highly by some experts, a quality of minor interest to the Nazis. But all value near the top, some place above all in importance, "ceiling" the aeronautical quality indicating maximum capacity for altitude. Just as superior speed permits of refusing combat, so does superior ceiling allow planes possessing that superiority to fly at altitudes where they may theoretically thumb their noses at pursuit or interceptor planes. Germany had such a plane in the World War, fortunately an observation type instead of a bomber. While Nieuport and Spad pilots strove vainly to climb within range, its disdainful pilot and photographer-observer took their pictures and made their observations of the Allied front at will. Ceiling has gone way up since World War days, from some 20,000 feet into the substratosphere. Supercharged engines and supercharged cabins make possible flight where the air normally is so thin that life cannot be sustained. The Nazi air army is said to possess general superiority in both speed and ceiling, as well as in numbers. If true, this may have been another factor in the Peace of Munich.

WITH such explanation of how air strength may be measured, one army against another, we may consider how the first prescribed objectives based on the Douhet principles may be achieved. Civilians have no part in the initial phases. The air bases of the enemy, including naval aircraft carriers scattered widely though all are, will be first objectives. While it is unlikely any enemy planes will be surprised in their hangars, it is possible some may be caught on the ground being serviced between flights. To destroy the hangars would cause confusion and delay, even if empty. It will be difficult to overhaul planes in the open. It is quite possible some gas bombs might be used about the hangars. We know that the efficiency of the vital ground personnel of an air force may be badly disorganized by the discomfiture of being forced to don gas masks. In maneuvers in this country two years ago a temporary air base in California was showered with tear gas only tenpercent of its normal strength. It worked havoc among the ground personnel, not only in the interference of the masks with vision and freedom of movement but by irritating exposed parts of the flesh. Such a deadly gas as the mustard variety with its agonizing burning power and persistence could quite possibly make any air base untenable. A saturation of mustard gas laid down experimentally in a tangled wildwood at Aberdeen, Maryland, four years ago still claims victims with bad burns when they venture in the infected area.

If gas is to be used at all, obviously the bases of anti-aircraft gunners would be included in such treatment for the same purposes of disorganization suffered by air base personnel.

Air bases once attended to, among other vital early objectives is that of fuel. In countries where gas wells are lacking fuel must be stored in reserve. To destroy the storage tanks and refining plants is of utmost strategic importance, since lacking gas and oil any airplane becomes a useless ground mechanism. Instruments to accomplish that end are not necessarily explosive bombs.

There are incendiary bombs of thermite in tiny containers, which on bursting mix with oxygen in the air to generate such fantastic temperatures that even steel yields to its molten force. Fast pursuit ships could well perform such a mission since the weight of such incendiary instruments is light.

Airplane and aircraft engine factories would be early targets. Marked for destruction as a first step, an accompanying mission would be to so confuse and disorganize the normal life of such factory workers that valuable time would be lost in salvage and rebuilding. This might well entail the destruction of workers' homes, the interruption of communications carrying raw materials and food for the workers. But to make a large city untenable need not be achieved by direct destruction of buildings in congested areas. Effective bombing of waterworks, reservoirs, sewage pumps, public utilities, alone could accomplish that end. Save in the smaller villages all Europe enjoys the convenience of piped water. Hunger may be endured but thirst cannot. Sewage disruption is attended by danger of epidemics. Destruction of a power system generally will halt both vertical and horizontal travel, the elevators which make tall buildings habitable as well as ground and subway transportation, and railroads. Admittedly Europe has not caught up with America in the matter of modern conveniences but we may measure in our own home routine the prospective disorganization of life for city dwellers with gas and electricity denied. Darkness may be conquered or endured, but without an occasional hot meal stomach disorders surely would be general. Restaurants no less than the average home depend on gas or electricity to cook. So do bakeries.

FOR that matter, consider that gasoline pumps are almost wholly electrically operated. All motor travel, including the

trucks which distribute food from warehouses to retail centers, consequently face grave fuel problems. A very real menace to civilian morale would attend lack of authentic news. Obviously radios would be silenced, and for lack of power, newspaper linotypes and presses could not turn. It is probable that telephones would be no less silent. Under such conditions rumor would run wild. If we break down the consequences of lack of utility services to such modern conveniences as electric laundry machinery, the vacuum cleaner, the ice-box, it may be appreciated how congested city homes would be made unlivable.

Other vital strategic targets, once a nation gains mastery of the air, are obvious. Arsenals, warehouses, munition storage centers, certainly unarmored merchant ships would be destroyed. Given control of the air, bombers definitely may do what the submarine failed to do by the narrowest of margins, what it took the British Navy four years to accomplish in the World War—achieve starvation blockade. It is to be doubted if America could send come batants to another war overseas, even if war were a strong national desire, should the enemy be a first-class air power.

N that prospect there may be much In that prospect there has, solace. Conversely, given to us control of the air, no invading troop transports or supply ships could hope to approach our shores. America fortunately possesses a self-sustaining economy. As to the vulnerability of modern battleships to aerial bombs most air advocates claim to see great significance in the forced withdrawal of the British fleet from the Mediterranean, the disdain shown at Munich for the might of the mistress of the seas; most recently Japanese occupation of Canton dominating the vital British naval base at Hong Kong. Possibly a fleet would disperse for safety. Then it is no longer a fleet in the strategical sense. In any event modern fleets must depend on land bases. The great dry-docks, munition warehouses and repair shops are as vulnerable to air attack as any air base or city.

All such probabilities as we have discussed are based on the assumption that one side or another will achieve air mastery soon or late, and there is nothing in any war to date to show that that objective can be accomplished. But laymen generally have lost sight of the technological advances in aircraft in the past two decades. Range, speed and ceiling of all aircraft have progressed amazingly. The civilian may measure that progress in the short history of air transport development, from open cockpit mail biplanes to luxury airliners spanning the

continent overnight. As passenger capacity in such planes has increased so has bomb capacity in military machines.

The largest amount of bombs dropped on London in any one month in the World War was twelve tons. In every European country, as well as at home, today are single machines capable of carrying that volume of bombs in six trips within the round of the clock. As to the all-important question of accuracy in bombing it is to be presumed that European flyers approach if they do not equal the records of our own military bombers. Due to control mechanisms of almost human ingenuity no American bombardment squadron is rated efficient if error from the center of a target is greater than 15 mils, that is, they may deviate 15 feet for every thousand feet of altitude. We have crack bombers whose average error is but one mil, a miss of only 12 feet from 12,000 feet altitude. There is no known object which can offer effective resistance to the force of a one-ton bomb. In considering the destructive effectiveness of bombs as opposed to shells of equal weight, two important factors are present. The shell carries a comparatively small explosive force, depending on the heavy shell casing for destruction. An air bomb is chiefly explosive force. Reaction follows action, and as the outward force creates a vacuum, air rushing in to fill the vacuum irresistibly pulls towards its center such objects as are within the limits of the vacuum created. One may then understand why photographs of damage attending bombings in current undeclared wars show streets littered with debris apparently blown outwards.

Of late military experts have heard of a new explosive force exceeding that of TNT. Its base is liquid air. An air bomb of that type reportedly used by Rebel allies in Barcelona effected such stunning destruction, twice or three times that of TNT, that its development will probably become general.

Such are the probabilities of air warfare when and if, which God forbid, the European powder-keg blows up again.

It is conventional for Americans to give thanks to their ocean barriers that at the moment we are spared this hideous nightmare hanging heavy across the Atlantic? How long may we be justified in feeling such security? Well, first we have reassurance in that military con-

quest is a form of gormandizing. After one nation swallows whole, or large sections, of another, it requires time to digest the new territory, to achieve internal organization and to assure the subjugation of its people before the aggressor may strike again. In appreciation of that fact may be found greater satisfaction than in giving thanks to God for our ocean barriers.

Measured in years alone it has taken two decades since the end of the World War to achieve these technological advances in aircraft, to have all of the European Powers adopt the Douhet principles, which make real these probabilities of modern air warfare. Actually, however, because most nations required ten years to use up surplus aircraft remaining from the World War, most of this revolutionary change has taken place in a single decade, with most marked acceleration in the past five years. Germany has almost wholly armed in the air in that space of time.

Then consider this fact. England's security, guaranteed by her fleet so long as water controled the island empire, really ended in 1900 when Bleriot flew across the Channel, a single man in a tiny monoplane traveling only some 25 miles. Only eight short years intervened from that historic event to the drone of bombladen Gothas operating from German bases sending all London to cover.

In a little more than a decade here in America we have seen the Atlantic Ocean contracted to half its size in time measured by the solo flight of Lindbergh to Paris in 33 hours against the 16-hour tlight of Howard Hughes and three companions in a twin-engined airplane. Relatively there is more significance to the 20-hour flight from Berlin to New York last summer of a multi-engined plane and crew than is to be found in the British-Bleriot parallel. That identical Nazi plane followed its American performance by flying non-stop from Berlin to Tokio in 48 hours, and as this is written, newspaper reports state that similar planes, with Nazi personnel to fly them, are being offered to South American airline operators on terms which make them virtually gifts. With understanding of how world aeronautics tlies on at full throttle we may appreciate better the current agitation for America's aerial rearmament.

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What Strange Bedfellows!

(Continued from page 11)

national bolshevism comes of rage. It slips up on you and the Americans in this country are now undergoing a terrible test of character, moral strength and courage.

We have been looking at communism for more than twenty years and we know that communists hold American citizenship and pretend to be democrats, progressives and liberals.

But Hitler's bolshevism is newer and moreover he was able, for a long time, to pretend that he was against bolshevism, that nazism was the antidote.

As he gained strength, however. Hitler gradually revealed himself as a bolshevist and his bolshevism is not fully revealed even now. He develops it day by day.

The Russians wiped out all religion, abolished all private property and suppressed freedom of speech, the press and conscience in one stroke. They slaughtered most of the aristocracy and transported or killed the most intelligent farmers.

Hitler had seen the failure of the same abrupt method in Germany. So he began his anti-religious war on the local front of Judaism. But in the preoccupation with the plight of the Jews it is forgotten that thousands of so-called Aryan Germans, including priests and Protestant clergy, have been thrown into prisons

for opposing Hitler's bolshevism or, specifically, in the case of the clergy, for preaching Christianity. In Russia, now, private ownership of property is permitted if the property is not the means of producing necessities of the people. Under Hitler's bolshevism the same condition has been brought about gradually. The capitalists and middle class thought he was protecting them from bolshevism but their properties now belong to the state. They remain in charge as managers only because they have experience and ability. They receive small dividends or subsidies where the Russian executives receive salaries.

THE slaughter and persecution of political opponents and ordinary small citizens for dissent from Hitler's will parallels the experience of persons in like position in Russia. And the German bolsheviks massacred their rivals in a historic horror which bears out the comparison again.

If in all this I seem to be neglecting Mussolini it is only because at the moment Banjo Eyes has been reduced to the role of dog robber for Hitler. But he and Hitler are coupled in the betting.

The Russian workman and peasant is chained to his job. Hitler's bolshevism not only enslaves his workmen and farmers but permits the Dictator to draft any man from any occupation and send him far from home to do manual labor on public works, mainly forts, at a standard wage far below the victim's normal earning power. A lawyer can be made to carry a hod, a merchant to push a wheelbarrow if the local leader wants him out of the way.

Hitler's bolshevism and Stalin's are practically identical now but Hitler is still innovating and may yet exceed the Russian kind.

It is most important for us to remember that Hitlerism is bolshevism. It has the same method of penetration here. If communists take out American citizenship so do the Hitler bolsheviks. If the communists disguise themselves as progressive groups, the German bunds pretend to be super-patriots sworn to save us from communism.

We have resisted, without thanks, the efforts of the communists to save us from nazi-fascism but we still must meet the insidious attack of the bunds who say they aim to save the U. S. A. from communism.

When did Hitler get so fond of us? The last we heard from him was that we were a nation of gangsters who wore their hats indoors, put their feet on the table and spat tobacco juice at the walls.

For the Common Defense

(Continued from page 23)

joined together in national life, should be so taught to the people of our country, that there is developed in them a pride of citizenship, an appreciation of its worth, a love of country for which they are willing to pay the cost of defense, and are, if need be, willing to offer their lives to preserve. . . .

"As those of us who followed the colors of the nation in the World War can truthfully say... we felt and we still feel that we went forth as Americans to protect those God-given human values which had been developed in this nation of ours and under our free system of government. We were and we are today, Americans first.

"Americanism should imply minding our own business and leaving it to other peoples of the world to accomplish their own destiny. Our greatest service can be rendered by demonstrating here at home the practicability of democracy, and so affording an example to the rest of the world of a people living in peace, 'For Peace is not mere absence of war, but a virtue that arises from strength of spirit.'

A comprehensive survey of our national defenses—the confusion resulting from the rapid developments in military aircraft, the interdependence of the various branches of our military establishment, the required reorientation of our defensive requirements as the result of our recent reaffirmation of the principles of the Monroe Doctrine, the necessity for proper security of our naval bases, and the establishment of air bases, the need for adequate reserves of munitions—was given in the address of Secretary of War Harry H. Woodring, Past Commander of the Department of Kansas of the Legion.

In conclusion, Secretary Woodring said: "I speak from this conference the most earnest thought and careful study of the President's national defense recommendations now being considered by Congress. You come from coastal cities, plains of the interior, the lakes region, and the mountains. You gather here to confer upon and discuss a primary responsibility of the national Government —'to provide for the common defense.' You will return to your homes in every

section of this republic, where your views on national defense problems will serve to mold public opinion. And it is my belief that public reaction to the national defense measures recommended by the President, as you help mold it, in turn may determine the resurgence or the decline of democracy, not only in our republic, but the world over.

"Oh, we lead the world by a large margin in intelligent manpower, in natural resources, and in industrial ability. For us today to ally these tremendous advantages with actual security would be acclaimed by our posterity as the acme of national sanity and of far-sighted statesmanship."

During the succeeding three sessions of the Conference, every phase of our national defense was fully covered in addresses by ranking officers of the Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps—all experts in their particular branches of service. Messages were brought by members of Congress and, as representative of the vital interest of the oncoming generation in this paramount national problem, three young college students presented

their views to the on defence Conference.

Major General H. H. Arnold, Chief of the Air Corps, War Department, tellingly explained the need for the vast appropriations being provided for the development of our air service, which will include the procurement of new military airplanes, the provision for additional personnel of combat and maintenance crews, operating and directing personnel so that the new planes can be effective weapons; the speed-up of experimentation and research in order that America may keep up in the development of the most efficient types. In answer to the oft-stated objection that there was no apparent need for a sudden doubling of our air force at this particular time, General Arnold said: "Our contention is that modern air forces of suitable size are the best national insurance against unwarranted aerial attack by ambitious aggressors. Since we cannot be definitely sure when those attacks are to come and when that aggression is to head our way, wisdom decrees that we take out that insurance with the least possible delay."

Taking as his subject, "The Navy shore," Rear Admiral William G. Ashore," Dubose, Chief Constructor of the Navy, told of the less colorful work of the Navy the drydocks and navy vards that must be maintained to keep the fleet afloat. He summed up this phase as follows: "So, back of the roar of the Fleet's guns, behind the spectacular precision of the Navy's air force, back of all the visible manifestations of the nation's sea power, there is a less spectacular but vast and efficient shore Navy of officers and enlisted men and upwards of 75,000 civilians busily engaged in every conceivable sort of occupation and trade—building ships, buying ships from civilian industry, working sometimes night and day, that our fighting ships may be in the best of material condition. This Navy ashore may lack the popular visual appeal of our fighting forces but it is the greatest shipbuilding industry in the world

In discussing the Aleutian-Hawaii-Panama line of defense, Representative James W. Mott of Oregon, member of the House Naval Affairs Committee, made emphatic the importance of our maintaining impregnable naval bases at Panama and Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, both of which have long been established, and at Dutch Harbor in the Aleutian Islands of Alaska, upon which construction will soon begin. This in his opinion was the first or outer line of naval defense of the western coast of our country in event of war with an Asiatic power.

A former National Judge Advocate of The American Legion, Scott W. Lucas, now junior United States Senator from the State of Illinois, paid special tribute to the women of America in his address. "Traditionally, women hate and fear war," he said. "War takes your husbands and sons and loved ones from you War impairs the orderly conduct of your homes and strikes subversive blows at

almost every phase of society. The subsequent repercussions are appalling. Many of you in this audience know from personal experience the sorrow, tragedy and horror of war, and I do not think it presumptuous to say that in this momentous hour of decision the women of our nation will constitute a balance wheel in a contradictory mass of public opinion. Thus I implore you to weigh carefully every part of the proposed defense program, for you are the custodians of all that is fine and good in our social structure. This is no time to succumb to hysteria. It is, rather, a time for calm, deliberate reflection and sober judgment."

A fresh and youthful expression of appreciation of one of the branches of military training was brought to the Conference by a student of the University of Kentucky, Miss Jeanne Barker, who had served as battalion sponsor of the university's Reserve Officers Training Corps. As a participant in their reviews and through talking with many of the cadets she had learned much of the military importance of the R. O. T. C., but said that she and fellow co-eds did not associate the drill of the men principally with the thought of war. Looking beyond the brass buttons and uniforms. they understood the benefits that the boys received through physical development, posture and coördination, precision and variety of work, respect for authority, and courtesy-all of which training would prove beneficial in postcollege life. Furthermore, Miss Barker continued, youth's reputed indifference to the ballot and to civic responsibilities is counteracted through service in the R. O. T. C. "If," said Miss Barker, "a young man has ever worn his country's uniform, he is not going to be receptive to actions that tend to disgrace it, or lend his ears to un-American doctrines." Quoting from the 1038 report of the Secretary of War, she made an appeal for greater support of the R. O. T. C. through greater appropriations for the increase of R. O. T. C. activities.

From Lieutenant Colonel Ira C. Eaker the Conference gained knowledge of the regularly enlisted soldier of today. After reviewing his twenty-two years of service in the Army and his close contact with the soldier of the line, the colonel recommended that the delegates "tell our people not to worry about the raw material. The American soldier, 1939 model, is better than the fellow he may fight in the next war. But arm him well; train him carefully; give him a capable, courageous leader and a just cause to fight for. Do that, and you will win." He was followed by Lieutenant D. N. Logan of the Bureau of Aeronautics of the Navy Department, who covered thoroughly and interestingly his subject, "The Sailor Aloft," which had to do with the important part that naval aviation plays in defense.

Instead of talking about the United States Marine (Continued on page 56)



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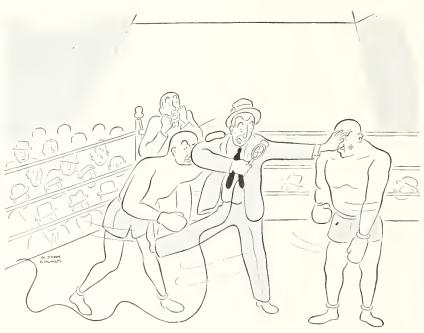
(Continued from page 55)

Corps, which he represented, Major General J. C. Breckinridge emphasized the importance of morale as the foundation for the creation and support of the military defense of our nation. "As is the morale of a nation, so is the morale of its armed forces," he stated. "No country can have, no nation, no armed forces can be of higher morale or of greater power than the people who support them."

As the son of a man who had given his life in the World War and as a graduate of a Citizens Military Training Camp, Augustine Brabson Littleton, student at the University of Tennessee, was introduced to the Conference. After lauding the CMTC courses as a training for citizenship, he made a plea for an increase in the number of men who could avail themselves of this training, instead of the curtailment which the budget will make necessary. Volunteers all, the applicants for the camps always far exceed the number authorized. Quoting General Pershing's statement, "If we had had at the

beginning of the war a well-trained citizens' army, the time for training men for service would have been much shorter and the results of the war very different," he concluded that "military training in time of peace is a fundamental requirement of preparedness, which should not be neglected."

At the Conference Dinner, over which Mrs. James Morris presided, the junior United States Senator from Massachusetts, Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., made the only address. One of the youngest members of the Upper House, too young for World War service, the Senator has taken training in the Officers Reserve Corps, and is a member of the Senate Military Affairs Committee. During this year when dangers are threatening the entire world, he suggested, there are certain steps which the Government can and should take to avert war. Among them the Senator included the use of common sense in the conduct of foreign policy and an "act which would enable us to prosecute a future war with a minimum of waste, both in life and in public money." He continued that we already have the National Defense Act of 1920 which sets forth our military organization in time of war but that it is necessary that we eliminate profiteering. In that expression is an endorsement of the Universal Service bill which the Legion and its Auxiliary have long been endeavoring to have made into law. He stated also that "the fact that such a law existed ahead of the emergency should be widely advertised, and the knowledge that we



"An' now we'll pause for station identification!"

were ready strategically, economically and fiscally for war would be a powerful deterrent to the domestic waver of the bloody shirt and to the militarist abroad."

Addressing the delegates directly, Senator Lodge continued: "Your organization is not a last-minute convert to the value of a national defense. When others were either indifferent or actually hostile, you were affirming the need of having an Army and Navy which, on the one hand, was in direct relation to the life and the treasure to be protected, and, on the other, was developed with due regard to possible threats from abroad. You have had to explode many fallaciesthat a large Army and Navy would get us into war, in spite of the fact that we have had a war on an average of every thirty years and have never become involved because our Army or Navy was

During an open forum-conducted during the course of the third session, Captain C. H. Cook of the Office of Naval Operations, who was there to reply to questions, complimented the delegates upon the insight they had of the problems of national defense. Most of the delegates were busily engaged in taking notes

to carry with them to their organizations and to their homes so that their program of education and enlightenment might be carried forward.

The third youth to be presented to the Conference was Robert C. Zimmer, student at Purdue University, who holds a commission as lieutenant in the Officers Reserve Corps, after having completed

the R. O. T. C. course. Following a review of the introduction of and the history of military training for civilians, he told of the benefits which the young men of America receive from the courses now offered in colleges and universities. Lieutenant Zimmer was selected to appear before the Defense Conference by the national officers of "Scabbard and Blade," an organization of graduates of the R. O. T. C. which now has a membership of 30,000 men from eighty-four colleges. Colonel Stephen A. Park, National President of the Reserve Officers Association of the United States, followed Lieutenant Zimmer and developed further the subject of

officers of a citizen army. Commenting upon the fact that appropriations now available limit active duty training to less than 32,000 out of the 100,000 Reserve officers on the active list, he requested the Conference to exert its influence toward having that condition corrected.

In his address on "American Peace and How to Attain It," United States Senator Edwin C. Johnson of Colorado, impressed upon the women the grave responsibility which was theirs. He admonished them to "go forth, a well-informed group of enthusiastic emissaries qualified to advocate sound public policies and able to teach and preach intelligently the lofty ideals of patriotism and peace and thus make a further splendid contribution to a better understanding and conception on the part of the American public of the status of security of your America."

Rear Admiral Emory S. Land, Chairman of the United States Maritime Commission, told the Conference that from the viewpoint of national defense, "the Merchant Marine is the life line of the Navy," and added, "The over-all efficiency of the Navy is dependent upon the service of supply, by which is meant the

auxiliaries which in an emergency are made up largely of merchant marine vessels." But more important in the long view, as he considered it, the Merchant Marine can be used as means of defense in the encouragement and development of trade, the increase of friendly relations among nations and the expansion of good neighborliness.

The Resolutions Committee, through its Chairman, Mrs. Malcolm Douglas, Past National President of The American Legion Auxiliary, presented for the consideration of the Conference ten resolutions which were approved. They included: The endorsement and request for the continuance by Congress of the investigation of un-American activities by the Dies Committee; a reaffirmation of its support of the Universal Service Bill, requesting that Congress enact the bill into law; support of the Merchant Marine, with the adoption of the slogan, "Travel and Ship American." Also a request that Congress enact legislation making it a crime to advocate or promote the overthrow of the Government by force or violence, punishment therefor to be not only a fine or imprisonment, but forfeiture of eligibility for any compensation, pension, wages or other government benefits, and immediate deportation of all guilty aliens; also the withholding of public appropriations from any school, college or university that openly advocates the adoption of any foreign theories of government.

Also the passage of legislation to reduce immigration into this country ninety percent and the enforcement of laws respecting mandatory deportation of aliens; approval of appropriations for the building up of aviation; continuance of a Naval

program for the construction and maintenance of a Navy second to none. Also opposition to the Ludlow Amendment requiring a national referendum before the declaration of war; support of a strict policy of neutrality regarding foreign affairs and freedom from alliances that may lead to war, and approval of legislation to increase the strength and effectiveness of the Army.

Mrs. O. D. Oliphant, organizing genius of the Women's Patriotic Conference on National Defense, who holds the title of Permanent Honorary Chairman of the Conference, was prevented from attending the January meeting because of an injury. From her came this message, which was read to the delegates at the first session:

"I am honored to greet the members of this Conference as a group of women with courage and a high sense of duty toward the need of national defense for our country. Fourteen years ago, with a sincere desire to promote peace, we met in conference in Washington to study the needs for national defense for our country, and you have continued to meet once each year, and in the meantime you have carried on daily an educational campaign through these fourteen years for the same purpose. You have been of great assistance in preserving such measure of national defense as we have today, and I trust in this Conference you will again support a program of adequate and balanced national defense for the United States and its possessions, for we hope never to go to war again. Therefore, I salute you and assure you my heart and my thoughts are with you for a most successful meeting. May God bless your splendid efforts."

YOU'LL BE PROUD OF IT • for Life heodore Roosevelt said, "No finer gun was ever built." Famous Fox Action combines all best features of double gun construction. Tapered rotary bolt locks tight . . always. Short frame .. wonderful balance . . a joy to handle, shoot and look at. Fox-Sterlingworth \$44.75. Other Fox Guns from SEND FOR \$60.00 to \$525. FREE CATALOG Sterlingworth **DOUBLE BARREL SHOTGUNS**

THOUSANDS INSURED FOR \$1.00 A MONTH

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Kindly send, free, your 1939 Catalog.

One Half Regular Rate First 5 Years Policy Mailed for FREE Inspection

A new low-cost Special 20-payment Life Insurance Policy Is offered without Doctor's examination, if you are in good health and under age of 55; liberal cash and loan values! Double Indemnity! SEND NO MONEY! No agent will call! Just write American Life and Ace, Ins. Co., 227-E American Life Bidg., St. Louis, Mo., sending your full hame, date of birth, race, height, weight, duties of occupation, name and relationship of your beneficiary, and condition of your health. Your policy will be mailed at once. Save by mail—Write NOW.



RADIO SCRIPT WRITING CONTEST

RADIO script writing contest for members of The American Legion Auxiliary with a first prize of \$100.00 has been announced by the Auxiliary's National Radio Committee, with the approval of its National Executive Committee. The following rules will govern the contest:

- Subject: The general program of The American Legion Auxiliary. Type: Interview or Round Table Discussion, using no more than four people, exclusive of station announcer.

Duration: Maximum timing of 14 minutes.

Date of contest: Contest will end on June 1, 1939. Manuscripts must reach the address of the Chairman not later than June 1st.

Entrants: Only members of The American Legion Auxiliary in good standing may enter this script-writing contest. Accompanying the script must be a statement by the Secretary or Treasurer of the local Unit, attesting the membership of the writer.

All manuscripts must be Typewritten, on one side of the paper, and in triblicate.

The decision of the judges will be final.

All manuscripts, either whole or in part, will become the property of the American Legion Auxiliary, to be used as the National Organization sees

Winners will be announced in the July issue of NATIONAL NEWS.

Prizes: First prize-\$100.00.

Second prize—A complete set of twelve Naval Print Plates. Third prize—Copy of History of The American Legion Auxiliary.

11. All manuscripts must be mailed to Mrs. William H. Corwith, National Radio Chairman,

The American Legion Auxiliary,

90 Yale Place, Rockville Centre,

New York.

Any questions on this contest should be directed to the Chairman of the National Radio Committee, The American Legion Auxiliary.

Students of Swat

(Continued from page 31)

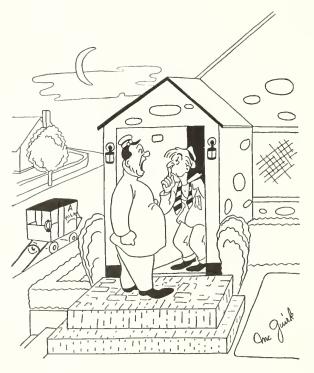
has served notice that it aims to bring home the first prize at Chicago next September. Now a new honor has come to the Post, for from its membership the citizens of the Nutmeg State last November chose Raymond E. Baldwin, a wheelhorse in Legion affairs, to become Governor for the next two years. Baldwin is the first Connecticut Legionnaire to become Governor, and when the Stratford Post and Unit toward the end of February threw a party for him and Mrs. Baldwin, Legion, Auxiliary, 40 and 8 and 8 and 40 leaders from every corner of the State attended the affair in the ballroom of the Stratfield Hotel in Bridgeport. The new Governor, a graduate of Wesleyan University and the Yale Law School, had been Republican majority leader in the Connecticut House of Representatives. His wartime service was in the Navy, where he rose to the rank of Lieu-

tenant Commander. A feature of the evening was the presentation to the Governor of a fifteen-year membership card and to Mrs. Baldwin of a Past Secretary's Auxiliary badge. Department Commander William C. Kruser and Department Adjutant William C. Murray were among the speakers. There is now a solid bloc of four contiguous States with Legionnaire Governors, Connecticut being in the center-Massachusetts with Leverett Saltonstall, Rhode Island with William H. Vanderbilt, and New York with Herbert H. Lehman.

Scout Investiture by Air

"DURING National Scout Week considerable impetus was given to Boy Scout educational propaganda and The American Legion's part in support of the Scout organization," writes Past Commander Eugene C. Barth of Watkins Post, Indianapolis, Indiana, "when the Hayward-Barcus Post of Indianapolis sponsored, for the first time on any radio station, a full investiture service of Indianapolis Troop No. 83. Past Commander Arthur F. G. Gemmer, who is State Chairman of Scout Activities, in collaboration with Past Commander Delbert O. Wilmeth programmed, wrote and directed the entire show, which was broadcast over Station WFBM on Saturday evening, February 11th.

"The service created such a favorable impression that Chairman Gemmer is of the opinion that such a broadcast should be put on at every place where the facilities are available. The actual ritual, he says, enables thousands of parents and friends of Scouting to appreciate the high purposes, the influence on youthful ideas, the teaching of self-discipline and



"I won't be quiet. I want my horse!"

all of the other splendid attributes of Scouting. It is believed that sponsoring Posts will have little difficulty in getting a spot on the radio for such a service and, now that the initial program has been rendered, Chairman Gemmer will be pleased to furnish copy of the program and script to any Post interested, as a guide which can be easily adapted to the use of any troop."

Massachusetts Entertains

THE annual official visit of the National Commander to the Department of Massachusetts is always one of the highlights of the Legion year in the old Bay State. The National Commander is received with honors befitting his position by the Governor, as the head of the State government, by the Mayor of Boston, and, of course, by the Depart-

ment Commander and his staff, representing the fortythree thousand Massachusetts Legionnaires. All these honors were accorded National Commander Stephen F. Chadwick when he arrived in Boston on January 28th for the official visit; His Honor, Mayor Maurice J. Tobin, gave a breakfast in his honor, which was attended by two hundred guests; Excellency, Governor Leverett Saltonstall (Legionnaire) graciously entertained the National Commander and three hundred guests at a luncheon. The annual banquet was given at the Copley Plaza Hotel in the evening, with twenty-one hundred Legionnaires and invited guests in attendance.

Legion Shorts

EAST ELMHURST POST, whose fine home is located at 106-08 Astoria Boulevard about one mile from the New York World's Fair grounds, has

ARE YOU CHANGING YOUR ADDRESS?

If you are planning to move to a new address, be sure to notify our Indianapolis office just as soon as you know definitely. By so doing you will help us to bring you every issue of the magazine, and you will save us and the Post Office Department a good deal of grief. Do it now! A form is provided on page 49.



It is a red letter day for the Legion when Massachusetts entertains the National Commander—above, John W. Gorey, Vice Chairman of the Entertainment Committee; Charles J. McCarty, Chairman; National Commander Chadwick; National Vice Commander Edward Quinn, and William M. Prendible

announced that it will keep open house for Legionnaires visiting the Fair. An information booth will be established to direct visitors and to render service in housing. Limited parking space will be available.... Now here is something new! Adjutant M. L. Hasell, of Buena Park (California) Post keeps his minutes in rhyme, a bit uneven, to be sure, but it's all there. The report of the meeting held on January 20th, submitted in proof of claim, has everything, including the report of the entertainment committee and the drawing of the kitty. . . . Captain Frank H. Spurr, Master of the Esso Baytown, who picked the ten survivors of the ill-fated English airliner, Cavalier, out of the sea in one of the most spectacular rescues in recent years, is a member of Tri-Cities Post, Baytown, Texas, according to a letter received from Service Officer Louis van Meldert. Captain Spurr was in transport service during the World War. . . .

Sharon (Pennsylvania) Post recently conferred its first life membership medal; the recipient was Past Commander Gottlieb F. Fischer, who served the Post in '38. Past Commander Gottliebspent hisentire active life in the Army and was retired for age several years ago. He was on recruiting duty during the World War . . . Mill Valley (California) Post, well known for its National Convention activities, has added to its many public benefactions by presenting a modern ambulance to its home city. Arrangements have been made with Fire Chief Dave Arnst, Legionnaire, and the men of his department, all of whom are trained

in first aid, to house, maintain and man the ambulance. . . . Deadwood (South Dakota) Post is so thoroughly national defense and air minded that it has launched an "American Legion Armada" movement, and has made preliminary plans for raising funds through various channels to purchase a pursuit plane for the use of the United States Army. . . .

Woodlawn Post, of Chicago, Illinois, has donated a silk American flag to the Woodlawn Branch of the Chicago Boys Club, which has about six hundred youngsters enrolled. Impressive ceremonies dedicating the flag were conducted by Cook County and Woodlawn Post officers. . . . "To keep up with the times, our Post did what every Post should do-built its own home," writes Victor Chester, Adjutant of Garfield (New Jersey) Memorial Post. "Now we have one of the finest Legion homes in the Department, a building seventyfive by forty feet, well finished and equipped. Nearly all of the work was done gratis by Legionnaires and members of the labor unions. Our building is open for all community affairs."

Adjutant Carl P. Lauth of Kelvyn Park Post, Chicago, Illinois, writes that the Ninth District soft ball league, organized in 1934, is going strong with big plans for the 1939 season. The league had nine teams in play in 1938 representing Belmont Park Post, Melin Romer Post, Kelvyn Park Post, John F. Conley Post, Gladstone Post, Portage Park Post, Lafayette Post, River Grove Post and Billy Caldwell Post.

BOYD B. STUTLER





Marlin Firearms Co. NEW HAVEN



"If you suffer from some common ailment, you may be poiso ning your system every time you eat a meall your food can either Improve your condition or make it worse. It's up to you!"

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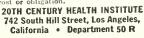
als is the sound advice of John X. Loughran, Ph. D., of e 20th Century Health Institute, radio health commenta-

THESE FOOD FACTS WILL AMAZE YOU!

Do you know what loods help freematism—commerce caten to gether? Which foods act as medicines—which as poisons; Learn these vital facts and get back on the road to health!

FREE BOOK

Explains how food facts brought back health when drugs. Tells how you can learn and apply ese same nutritional secrets to your n condition. Write for it today, No







FOR RUPTURE NO MONEY

New support for reducible rupture, designed by ruptured man for security and comfort—light, durable. Will send it to you without a penny in advance-wear it 10 days-if satisfied pay only \$8.65 single, \$9.85 double, or return without obligation. Send today for Sta-Put—give location of rupture, size when out, age, occupation, waist and hip measure. Write Scott Appliance Company, 2003 Morris Avenue, Steubenville, Ohio.

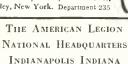
Learn Profitable Profession in 90 days at Home of Men and Women in the fascinating pro-of Swedish Massage run as high as \$40 to week but many prefer to open their own of-arge incomes from Doctors, hospitals, sanie patients come to those of the patients come to those of the patients come to the patients of the patients of

THE College of Swedish Massage 30 E. Adams St., Dpt. 475, Chicago uccessor to National College of Massage)

DOWN

OF 3 SKIN he symptoms of this skin disease are swell-

ing and reddish, dry, flat papules or patches, covered with silvery scales or crusts. Send 10¢ for sample of Dermatin No. 1 & 2, and see why psoriasis sufferers "rave" about this discovery. Valley Laboratories, Spring Valley, New York. Department 235



FINANCIAL STATEMENT January 31, 1939

Assets

Cash on hand and on deposit	\$ 8H,597.27
Notes and accounts receivable	46,425.95
Inventorics	74,462.40
Invested funds	I,752,185,89
Permanent Investments:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund	201,487.68
Office building, Washington, D. C., less	
depreciation	124,597.64
Furniture, fixtures and equipment, less	
depreciation	31,923.99
Deferred charges	24,684.81
	\$3,067,365,63

Liabilities, Deferred Rev		
Current liabilities. Funds restricted as to use	\$	77,230.47 26,145.96
Deferred revenue		509,988.43
Permanent trust: Overseas Graves Decoration T		201,487.68
Net Worth: Restricted capital \$1,7 Unrestricted capital	721,240.11 531,272.98	2,252,513.09
		3.067.365.63

LEGION'S BUDGET FOR 1939 THE

In accordance with convention mandate, the National Finance Committee herewith publishes the budget for the year 1939, as submitted to and approved

by the National Executive Committee, November 18, 1938, together with a brief explanation of the various items.

REVENUE BUDGET FOR 1939

GENERAL REVENUE		
DUES—900,000 memberships Less subscription to American Legion Magazine @ 65c \$585,000.00 Less subscription to National Legionnaire @ 10c	.\$900,000.00 675,000.00	
Balance of dues left for General Fund@25c Sons of The American Legion dues, 50,000 @ 25e. Less subscription to Legion Heir @ 15c	12,500.00 7,500.00	. \$225,000.00
EMBLEM DIVISION EARNINGS. (This division supervises and controls the manufacture, sale and distribution of all supplies incorporating the copyrighted and patented Legion Emblem. It maintains a considerable inventory and while operating on a small margin, earns a satisfactory profit from a large volume of sales.) PUBLICATIONS DIVISION EARNINGS.		5,000.00 50,000.00
(This division publishes and distributes The American Legion Magazine, the National Legionnaire, The Legion Heir, and this figure represents the estimated balance left after the total cost of publishing and distributing is deducted from the above subscription items, plus advertising income.)		
(Estimated income from the Reserve Fund of \$1,186,649.99.) PURCHASE DISCOUNT. INTEREST EARNED. INTEREST ON WASHINGTON BUILDING. (This is not an item of actual income. When the Washington Building was acquired, a bookkeeping charge was set up against the Rehabilitation and the Legislative Divisions which occupy the building representing interest on the invested capital in lieu of rent formerly paid. It is offset in the expense budgets of those divisions.)		. 300.00
		. 1,500.00
TOTAL GENERAL REVENUE		. 463,402.19
RESTRICTED REVENUE		
(Revenue from specific sources, applieable only for specific purposes.) EARNINGS FROM AMERICAN LEGION ENDOWMENT FUND CO (Applicable only for Rehabilitation and Child Welfare.) CONTRIBUTIONS:	RP	. 176,000.00
Forty and Eight for Child Welfare American Legion Auxiliary for Rehabilitation American Legion Auxiliary for Child Welfare Eight and Forty for Child Welfare		20,000.00 25,000.00 10,000.00 1,000.00
Total Revenue		
(Excepting Publication subscriptions)		\$695,402.19
EXPENSE BUDGET FOR 1939		
EXPENSE BUDGET FOR 1939 EXPENSE PAYABLE FROM GENERAL REVENUE		
EXPENSE PAYABLE FROM GENERAL REVENUE ADMINISTRATION (This Division functions as a regular administrative unit operating for the service of all divisions. Its work embraces: Supervision of organization, membership, Field Service, Membership Card Section—Stenographic, Multigraphing, etc.—purchase and shipment of supplies—files		
EXPENSE PAYABLE FROM GENERAL REVENUE ADMINISTRATION (This Division functions as a regular administrative unit operating for the service of all divisions. Its work embraces: Supervision of organization, membership, Field Service, Membership Card Section—Stenographic, Multigraphing, etc.—purchase and shipment of supplies—files and archives.) MEMBERSHIP CARD SECTION (This represents one-half the cost of maintaining the membership records. The other one-half is charged to Publications Division.)		. \$118,250.9I . 6,640.00
EXPENSE PAYABLE FROM GENERAL REVENUE ADMINISTRATION (This Division functions as a regular administrative unit operating for the service of all divisions. Its work embraces: Supervision of organization, membership, Field Service, Membership Card Section—Stenographic, Multigraphing, etc.—purchase and shipment of supplies—files and archives.) MEMBERSHIP CARD SECTION (This represents one-half the cost of maintaining the membership records, The other one-half is charged to Publications Division.) FIELD SERVICE. (Field Secretaries, under the direction of the Administration Division, are charged with assisting in all phases of Legion activities. One third of the expense is charged to the General Fund and two thirds to Restricted Fund.)		. \$118,250.91 . 6,640.00 . 12,236.67
Expense Payable From General Revenue Administration (This Division functions as a regular administrative unit operating for the service of all divisions. Its work embraces: Supervision of organization, membership, Field Service, Membership Card Section—Stenographic, Multigraphing, etc.—purchase and shipment of supplies—files and archives.) MEMBERSHIP CARD SECTION (This represents one-half the cost of maintaining the membership records. The other one-half is charged to Publications Division.) FIELD SERVICE. (Field Secretaries, under the direction of the Administration Division, are charged with assisting in all phases of Legion activities. One third of the expense is charged to the General Fund and two thirds to Restricted Fund.) AMERICANISM (This division co-ordinates the vast Americanism Program, embracing Education, Youth Activities and Community Service. It conducts research and furnishes over one half million bulletins and pamphlets annually; Observes and keeps up-to-date record of un-American propaganda; maintains liaison with other patriotic organizations; Sons of the Legion and Junior Baseball.) (The Sons of The American Legion activities are carried on under the supervision of the Assistant Americanism Director. The amount of \$5000, representing S.A.L. dues, is expended for administrative directors.		. \$118,250.91 . 6,640.00 . 12,236.67
Expense Payable From General Revenue Administration (This Division functions as a regular administrative unit operating for the service of all divisions. Its work embraces: Supervision of organization, membership, Field Service, Membership Card Section—Stenographic, Multigraphing, etc.—purchase and shipment of supplies—files and archives.) MEMBERSHIP CARD SECTION (This represents one-half the cost of maintaining the membership records, The other one-half is charged to Publications Division.) FIELD SERVICE (Field Secretaries, under the direction of the Administration Division, are charged with assisting in all phases of Legion activities. One third of the expense is charged to the General Fund and two thirds to Restricted Fund.) AMERICANISM (This division co-ordinates the vast Americanism Program, embracing Education, Youth Activities and Community Service. It conducts research and furnishes over one half million bulletins and pamphlets annually; Observes and keeps up-to-date record of un-American propaganda; maintains liaison with other patriotic organizations; Sons of the Legion and Junior Baseball.) (The Sons of The American Legion activities are carried on under the supervision of the Assistant Americanism Director. The amount of \$5000, representing S.A.L. dues, is expended for administrative direction, printing and the usual elerical incidentals.) LEGISLATIVE. (This Division operates from Washington office under direction of the National Legislative Committee. Prepares bills covering legislation recommended by National Conventions, secures their introduction in Congress and lobbies for their passage. Note—The Legion lobby does not spend the enormous sums generally		. \$118,250.91 . 6,640.00 . 12,236.67 . 30,133.61
Expense Payable From General Revenue ADMINISTRATION (This Division functions as a regular administrative unit operating for the service of all divisions. Its work embraces: Supervision of organization, membership, Field Service, Membership Card Section—Stenographic, Multigraphing, etc.—purchase and shipment of supplies—files and archives.) MEMBERSHIH CARD SECTION (This represents one-half the cost of maintaining the membership records. The other one-half is charged to Publications Division.) FIELD SERVICE. (Field Secretaries, under the direction of the Administration Division, are charged with assisting in all phases of Legion activities. One third of the expense is charged to the General Fund and two thirds to Restricted Fund.) AMERICANISM (This division co-ordinates the vast Americanism Program, embracing Education, Youth Activities and Community Service. It conducts research and furnishes over one half million bulletins and pamplets annually; Observes and keeps up-to-date record of un-American propaganda; maintains liaison with other patriotic organizations; Sons of the Legion and Junior Baseball.) (The Sons of The American Legion activities are carried on under the supervision of the Assistant Americanism Director. The amount of \$5000, representing S.A.L. dues, is expended for administrative direction, printing and the usual elerical incidentals.) LEGISLATIVE. (This Division operates from Washington office under direction of the National Legislative Committee, Prepares bills covering legislation recommended by National Conventions, secures their introduction in Congress and lobbies for their passage. Note—The Legion lobby does not spend the enormous sums generally charged by its critics.) PUBLICITY (This division disseminates news of Legion activities and policies, both within the organization and to the public; prepares news releases to the press, operates news service for local Legion papers; writes speeches, messages and radio scripts; handles publicity for all divisions, as well as		. \$118,250.91 . 6,640.00 . 12,236.67 . 30,133.61
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Advocate, and the National Commander's Secretary; travel expense for the National Commander and Aide; stipend and administrative expense for the National Historian; executive travel for all other national officers; administrative expenses for National Vice Commanders and National Chaplain; one annual Conference of Department Commanders and Department Adjutants and three meetings of the National Executive Committee; clerical and conference expenses for standing national committees.

committees.)
REHABILITATION AND CHILD WELFARE
(This item represents the expense of these divisions in excess of Restricted Revenue and charged to the General Fund.)

EXPENSE PAYABLE FROM RESTRICTED REVENUE

(This division functions from the Washington Office and ably discharges the first and paramount duty of the Legion—proper care of the disabled veteran and his dependents; maintains close contact with Veterans Administration and other Governmental Agencies; its staff of physicians, lawyers and claim experts handles tens of thousands of claims; several hundred pieces of mail daily makes this office the center of a world-wide system for assistance of all kinds to veterans.)

CHILD WELFARE.

(This division directs this consent.)

CHILD WELFARE.

(This division directs this comprehensive program: 1. Education concerning Child Welfare conditions, Federal, State and community resources and their uses, changes in laws and regulations, advice and guidance for child welfare and protection. 2. Promotion of Child Welfare legislative programs. 3. Emergency aid in the form of direct financial assistance to children of World War veterans.)

FIELD SERVICE (2-3).

Excess of Expense over Restricted Revenue and payable from General Revenue.

TOTAL EXPENSE—PAID FROM RESTRICTED FUND RESERVE AGAINST MEMBERSHIP OR ANTICIPATED SURPLUS

THE NATIONAL FINANCE COMMITTEE

SAM W. REYNOLDS, Chairman JOHN LEWIS SMITH Edgar B. Dunlap

Ever Hear of a Kizvi?

(Continued from page 3.4)

sister knew I was in a New York hospital with a broken ankle, she did not note immediately the date on which I was reported to have died, and rushed to a telephone and called the hospital. She was crying when I answered the phone and told her it must be a mistake because I never felt better.

"After having the ankle reset five times. I was able to get about on crutches and was in the hospital until I received my requested discharge on February 11, 1920. The foot still troubles me and I have to wear a shoe plate, but I am happy at the outcome, as the doctors said at the time it would have been better to amputate the foot.

"I have been with the Paterson Board of Health for the past fifteen years and as a teacher of child hygiene conduct a clinic where I help mothers keep their children well. So vou see I'm still very much alive, and as my outstanding war souvenir, I have the letter from Washington announcing my death, framed and hanging on the wall of my living room."

The National Organization World War Nurses always holds its annual meetings in conjunction with the Legion National Convention and so will meet again in Chicago next September. One eligibility requirement for membership in the association is active membership in The American Legion. The association has long had as its major program proper care of disabled veteran nurses in Veterans Facilities, which has largely been denied to them. The Organization also supervises the sale of articles made by disabled nurses, particularly those whose disabilities are not service-connected and who, therefore, get no compensation.

REPORT in Then and Now in a recent issue of the success we have had in returning war souvenirs to their owners has brought us several similar letters on the subject of Lost and Found. Elmer R. Dettinger of Tioga Post, whose home is at 642 Levick Street, Lawndale, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, sent a doublebarreled request to us. Read on:

"Noticed in the January issue for the first time in a long while that you are again giving attention to the return of wartime souvenirs to their owners.

"I have in my possession a pen knife which some comrade probably would like to recover because it has a marking on one side showing it to be a souvenir of a city in Germany. I got this knife in this manner: On the way back to the States, I had a ten-day wait at Brest-about October · 7 to 17, 1919. One day I entered one of the frame washrooms and latrines and was about to wash when directly in front of me I saw a small metal mirror on the wall above the washbowl.

"Some buddy had evidently been shaving and as there was no nail there, he used this pen knife to hang the mirror on the wall. I took the knife with the thought that if I didn't, the next man along probably would. It is reasonably well preserved, having laid in a drawer since then. If the owner (Continued on page 62)



13,635.67

232,000.00 114,259.30

\$695,402.19

117,448.00

103,714,34

24 473 33 245,635.67

13,635.67

 Never before an Evinrude so inexpen sive to own, so handy and economical to operate. The sensa-tional new "Mate" fits your own or rent-ed boats—drives row-boats up to 41/2 miles boats up to 4½ miles an hour, canoes up to 5 miles. Runs all day on a single gallon of fuel. Amazing starting ease—a flick of the starting cord and you're away! Write for catalog today!

9 EVINRUDES TO CHOOSE FROM

Evinrude offers the widest range of models, from the lightest, handiest, to the swiftest, most powerful. All are famed for exceptional starting ease, smoothness, reliability. All offer advanced Hooded Power construction, Co-Pilot steering, certified horsepower.

AN ELTO FOR ONLY \$29.50

New Elto Cub weighs only 8½ pounds, costs only 2c an hour to run. Now, a complete line of 6 Elto models—built complete line of 0 Elfo models—outst by Evinrude—offer outstanding quality at low cost. Write for free Evinrude and Elto catalogs, Boat Directory, Boat & Motor Selector.

EVINRUDE MOTORS 4080 N. 27th St. Milwaukee, Wis.

WEIGHS RUNS 10 HRS. On 1 Gallon

WRITE FOR CATALOG

TIME COUNTS

in applying for patents. Don't risk delay in your invention. Send sketch or model for in write for FREE book, "Patent Guide for tor," and "Record of Invention" form. No how to proceed. Prompt, careful, efficient se

Relieve Pain In Few

To relieve the torturing pain of Neuritis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia or Lumbago in few minutes, get MURITO, the Doctor's formula. No opiates, no narcotics. Does the work quickly—must relieve cruel pain to your satisfaction in few minutes or money back at Druggist's. Don't suffer. Get trustworthy NURITO today on this guarantee.

STREAMLINED Model 26B .22 cal.

single shot

Smart looking, equipped with latest 1939 refinements - new front and rear sights, peep sight of exclusive Mossberg design, flush take down screw, detachable swivels and other modern features. This is typical of the Mossberg line of rifles, telescope sights and shot guns - all accurate, sturdy and well-built, all moderately priced. See them at your local dealer's.

SEND COUPON, TDDAY for complete catalogue *Slightly higher west of the Rockies

O.F. MOSSBERG & SONS

8004 Greene Street, New Haven, Conn.

Please send your new 1939 catalogue NAME.... STREET ---

CITY----------STATE----My firearms dealer is

THE

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Ever Hear of a Kiwi?

(Continued from page 61)

reads this and can send me a reasonable description of the knife, he can have it.

"Reading the reference to the engraved messkit that was returned, reminds me I would like to get my old messkit which I had to turn in upon discharge at Camp Dix in November, 1919. It had considerable 'engraving' upon it, both back and front. There was a spread eagle and a shield on one side, and my name and, I think, 'Med. Dept.' and the words 'England, France, 1918-1919' on the other side. As I did this myself like most of them did with the regular issue mess knife, I would now like to recover it. If returned, I will gladly exchange a new messkit for it.'

AND here's an opportunity for some veteran to recover a watch. The offer comes from Arthur E. Gaurreau of Ashburnham (Massachusetts) Post of the Legion, in this letter:

"I have in my possession a wrist watch which was left at the Depot Canteen, Camp Devens, Massachusetts, for repairs about the time the 76th Division left for overseas.

"The watch has a monogrammed 'EW' or 'WE' on it, with the name 'Licking' in smaller letters engraved through the monogram. If the owner can describe the watch—the make, metal of which it is made, and so on, I shall be glad to return it to him. I acquired the watch while serving in the 29th Company, 151st Depot Brigade."

Now, through Edward J. McCauley of Paul Schmidt Post, who lives at 6154 South Rockwell Street, Chicago, Illinois, some comrade may be able to recover a piece of personal property that bears the marks of battle. McCauley's letter:

"I am enclosing copy of the lettering of the name 'Blanchard, J. P.' which appears on a towel which I have in my war collection. The name is not familiar to me as being any man in Company G, 321st Infantry, with which I served, but I must have met this soldier in the vicinity of Moranville or Grimacourt during the closing days of the war.

"Our unknown comrade, Blanchard, J. P., might be interested to know that the towel was in my knapsack at the time one of Fritz's bullets hit the knapsack as we were crawling forward to meet him. I still have the knapsack and various articles that, with the towel, were in it at the time. Some of the articles show per-

"Nothing would please me more than to return this towel to Blanchard, J. P., even if the bullet holes in the towel do belong to me."

AND now, twenty years afterward, we show on the next page a snapshot print that may bring back memories of service to some veteran, or, in fact, several veterans. It's another of those whoozit pictures that we would like to return to its owner and about which we should like to learn the story.

The snapshot print came to us with this brief note from Mrs. John Elder of 526 East Douglas Avenue, Wichita, Kansas:

"The enclosed picture was found on the floor of the Frisco freight house at Joplin, Missouri, in 1919. It must have fallen from some box of freight going through the freight house."

Just what is it all about—we mean, the picture? Evidently it was taken in some camp here at home. And, unless our sense of humor is warped, it shows a mock burial of some kind. Could it have been of John Barleycorn after prohibition had been voted by Congress? The mourners are limited in number—those doughboys in the left background show no interest—and certainly at least one of the mourners, the guy with bared head, has a distinct grin on his face. So we insist there must be a good story to be told about this group, and we hope someone will be able to tell it to the Gang.

ALL Legion roads lead to Chicago this year, because in that city-on-the Lake the Legion National Convention will be held, September 25th to 28th. Traveling those same roads will be thousands of Legionnaires whose wartime outfits will stage reunions during the same period. If your outfit isn't listed below and if you want to meet with the old gang, report your reunion to this department and announcement will be published.

Details of the following National Convention reunions may be obtained from the Legionnaires listed:

Natl. Assoc. Amer. Balloon Corps Vets.—Three-day reunion, banquet and dance. Hg. at Congress Hotel. Sidney R. Rothschild, gen. reunion chmn., 10565 Hale av., Chicago.

Amer. R. R. Trans. Corps—Convention reunion. Natl. membership campaign. All men in R. service during war invited to join. Clyde D. Burton, natl. reunion chmn., 8211 Ellis av., Chicago. G. Il. Q., Armies and Army Corps Staff and Perrsonnel—Reunion luncheon and permanent organization. Wm. A. Barr, 1400 N. Gardner st., Hollywood, Calif.
2D DIV. Assoc. A. E. F.—Reunion banquet, Louis XVI Room, Sherman Hotel, Chicago, Sept. 26. Write Geo. V. Gordon, Sherman Hotel, Chicago, for reservations.

XVI Room, Sherman Hotel, Chicago, Sept. 26, Write Geo. V. Gordon, Sherman Hotel, Chicago, for reservations.

NATL. Assoc. 6TH DIV.—Write for Sightseer magazine and details of organization and reunion in Chicago, to Clarence A. Anderson, natl. secy-trens., Box 23, Stockyards Sta., Denver, Colo.

26TH DIV.—Reunion dinner, Sept. 26, The Chicago YD Club will have a Hq. in a Loop hotel where dinner tickets may be obtained. For place of dinner and other details, write Walter D. Crowell, 2400 Hartzell st., Evanston, Ill., or Edmund D. O'Connell, 7919 S. Union st., Chicago.

S5TH DIV.—Ssoc.—Permanent organization. Reunion in Chicago. Frank L. Greenya, pres., 2812 W. Pierre st., Milwaukee, Wise.

41st Ins.—Reunion during Legion Natl. Conv. Frank A. Abrams, 7754 S. Halsted st., Chicago.

48th & 89th Ins.—Proposed reunion. Harry McBride, 1229 26th st., Newport News, Va.

BTRY. C. 62D C. A. C. (Pressino)—Reunion Mannie Fisher, 1357 N. Western av., Chicago.

BTRY. C, 67th C. A. C.; 7th Co. (Fr. Winfield Scott); 44th & 45th Phov. Cos. (Pressino)—



What outfit?—and where, when and why the above services which appear to attend a mock burial. The picture was found in a Joplin, Missouri, freighthouse

Reunion. For copy Btry. C roster, write to Gerald D. Nolan, 372 Bridle Path, Worcester, Mass. Btries. C & D. 4th & 5th Regts. F.A.R.D., Camp Taylor.—Proposed reunion and organization. Frank O'Sullivan, Galena, Kans. Army Art. Park, 1st Arny—Proposed reunion. W. H. Kornbeck, 5529 Berenice av., Chicago. World War Vets. C. A. C.—Permanent organization. Reunion. R. R. Jacobs, comdr., 43 Frisbie av., Battle Creek, Mich. Co. E., 4th Ammun. Trn.—Reunion. Harry K. Fletcher, 720 E. Vine st., Ottumwa, Iowa. Btry. A, 2d Trench Mortar Bn.—Proposed 1st reunion just prior to Chicago Natl. Conv. Arthur W. Robinson, 533 N. Main st., Berrien Springs, Mich.

Mich.
WORLD WAR TANK CORPS Assoc.—Natl. Conv. reunion. Men interested in organization local Battalions, write to Claude J. Harris, dir. organ. comm., 817½ W. 43d st., Los Angeles, Calif.
17th Engrs. (RY.)—If interested in National Convention reunion, write Mark W. VanSickel, secy-treas, 17th Engrs. Assoc., I399 Virginia av., Columbus Ohio.

Convention reunion, write Mark W. Vallagare, secy-treas., 17th Engrs. Assoc., 1399 Virginia av., Columbus, Ohio.

23p Engrs. Assoc.—Write H. H. Siddall, secy., 5440 Ridgewood Court, Chicago, Ill., for advance reunion news and copy of official publication.

35th Engrs.—Reunion of car builders, A. E. F. Fred Krahenbuhl, 1310 Hanover st., Hamilton, Obio.

Ohio.

60rth Ry. Engrs. and Auxillary—8th annual reunion during Legion convention, with Hq opening Sun. morning, Sept. 24. Hq. to be announced later. D. E. & Eula Gallagher, secretaries, S12 E. 21st st., Little Rock, Ark.
61st Engrs. Vers. Assoc. (57-58-59 R. T. C.)—2d reunion. Edward M. Soboda, secy.-treas., 1617 W. Hopkins st., Milwaukee, Wisc.
415rth S10. Corps Bn. Assoc.—Reunion Hq. in Great Northern Hotel, Chicago. James J. Maher, 3723 S. Rockwell st., Chicago.
13rth Co. & 10rth Regr. U. S. M. C., QUANTICO—Reunion. Nate Leibow, 8 N. Cass av., Westmont, Ill.

III.

150TH AERO SQDRN.—Reunion, including all Rich Field vets, Wed., Sept. 27, Chicago. Floyd W. Freeman, 22 Park av., Cranford, N. J.

185TH AERO SQDRN.—Proposed reunion. Floyd Perham, Lakeside, Mich.

224TH AERO SQDRN.—Reunion banquet, Sept. 25, Chicago. W. V. Matthews, 2208 Cuming st., Omaha, Nebr.

Chicago. W. V. Matthews, 2208 Cuming st., Omaha, Nebr.

380TH & 828TH AERO Sqdrns. (Mt. Clemens & Selfridge Field)—Reunion. Jay N. Helm, 940 Hill st., Elgin, Ill.

466TH AERO SQDRN.—Proposed reunion. Paul Barlow, St. Joseph, Mich.

131ST Balloon Co.—Reunion with N A A B C V. Chicago, John C. Eidt, 43-17 37th st., Long Island City, N. Y.

SPRUCE & AERO CONSTRUC. SQDRNS., VANCOUVER BARRACKS—Proposed convention reunion. Write Wm. N. Edwards, ex-C. O., 24th Sqdrn., 422 Greenleaf st., Evanston, Ill.

322D MOTORCYCLE, M. T. C.—Proposed reunion. Walter M. Moore, 318 Decker st., Flint, Mich. CHEMICAL WARFARE SERV. VETS. ASSOC.—Reunion. Report to Geo. W. Nichols, R. 3, Kingston, N. Y.

Q. M. C., C. & R. Branch, Camp Cody, N. M.— Proposed reunion and permanent organization. H. A. Wahlborg, 106 W. Clay st., Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.

Base Hosp., Camp Grant—Reunion. Harold E. Giroux, 841 W. Barry av., Chicago.

Base Hosp., Camp Sevier—Reunion doctors, nurses and corpsmen. Mrs. Mary Callaway, corres. seey., 566 W. Third st., Dayton, Ohio.

Evac. Hosp. No. 14—3d annual reunion, Chicago. J. Charles Meloy, pres., Rm. 3050, Grand Central Terminal, New York City.

Amb. Co. 129, 108th San. Trn., 33p Div.—Reunion Hq. at Sherman Hotel, Chicago, during Legion Natl. Conv. Frank F. Barian, pres., 515 W. Madison st., Chicago.

union Hq. at Sherman Hotel, Chicago, during Legion Natl. Conv. Frank F. Barian, pres., 515 W. Madison st., Chicago.
NAVAL AVIATORS—Proposed reunion of vets. of M. I. T. and Pensacola Trng. Sta. Lauren L. Shaw, 155 Glencoe av., Decatur, Ill.
NAVAL AVISTAN, FROMENTINE, VENDEE, FRANCE—Proposed reunion. F. H. Normington, ex-bugler, 426 Broad st., Beloit, Wisc.
U. S. S. Manta—Reunion of crew. Wm. J. Johnson, 9311 Cottage Grove av., Chicago.
U. S. S. Lière and Newport Trro. Sta.—Reunion. R. O. Levell, Box 163, New Castle, Ind.
U. S. S. Lière and Newport Trro. Sta.—Reunion. R. O. Levell, Box 163, New Castle, Ind.
U. S. S. Lière and Newport Trro. Grew. Wm. S. Reed, 7349 S. Damen av., Chicago, Ill. Vers. or Polish Entraction, their families, and all Legionnaires invited to open house in Memorial Home of Pulaski Post, A. L., during Legion Natl. Conv. Write to Walter Zasadzki, adjt., 1558 N. Hoyne av., Chicago.
LAST MAN'S CLUBS—Reunion, Congress Hotel, Chicago, during Legion Natl. Conv. Roy W. Swanborg, seey., 1509 Cornelia av., Chicago.
Stars and Stripes Assoc.—Annual reunion banquet, LaSalle Hotel, Chicago, Sun. night, Sept. 24. Robert Stack, seey., 539 Diversey, Chicago.
Stracuse (N. Y.) Camp Band Assoc.—Reunion during Legion Natl. Conv. Al Pearson, comdr., Legion Club, Mankato, Minn., Thos. Smail, adjt., 11 Ashland st., Somerville, Mass.
Vers. A. E. F. Siberla—Annual convention, Great Northern Hotel, Chicago. N. Zimmerman, reunion secy., 6207 Drexel av., Chicago.

reunion secy., 6207 Drexel av., Chicago.

REUNIONS and activities at times and places other than the Legion National Convention, follow:

THE NATIONAL YEOMEN (F)—Annual N. Y. and N. J. reunion dinner during May. For date and details, write Mrs. Ida Sternin Maher, chmn., 1155 St. Johns Pl., Brooklyn, N. Y. 2D DIV. Assoc. A. E. F.—21st annual reunion, Hotel Whiteomb, San Francisco, Calif., July 20-22. David McKell, conv. chmn., 65 Post st., San Francisco.

David McNeil, conv. chimit, 65 Fost Su., San Francisco.

2d Div. Assoc. A. E. F. (N. Y. Brancu)—East
Coast get-together, Hotel Victoria, New York City,
July 15-17. Fri., July 16th, is 2d Div. Day at New
York Worlds Fair. Howard Lalor, gen. chmn.,
530 W. 125th st., New York City.
Soc. of 3d Drv.—Annual reunion, Hotel St.
George, Brooklyn, N. Y., July 3-8. For details and
copy of the Watch on the Rhine, write F. S. Ragle,
130 W. 42d st., New York City.
47H Div. Assoc. (PENN. CHAPTER)—Annual
reunion, Hotel Walton, Philadelphia, Pa., May 6.
C. Roland Gelatt, secy., 4807 Chester av., Philadelphia.

Soc. of 5th Div.—Annual national reunion, Canton, Ohio, Sept. 2-4. For (Continued on page 64)



··STOPPED IN A HURRY BY D.D.D. ·

Are you tormented with the itching tortures of eczema rashes, athlete's foot, eruptions, or other externally caused skin afflictions? For quick and happy relief use cooling, antiseptic, liquid **D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION**. Greaseless and stainless. Soothes the irritation and swiftly stops the most intense itching. A 35c trial bettle at drug tears proportion. trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it -or money back



Better Built - Lower Prices

Canoes, Rowboats, Outboard Motor Boats, Olympic, Suipe, Comet and Sea Gull Sail Boats CATALOG FREE Save Money—Prompt Shipment—Two Factories, Boats MFG, CO. (St. Annual Control of Control

116 Elm St. CORTLAND, N. Y. $\binom{Write\ to}{either\ place}$ 216 Ann St. PESHTIGO, WIS.

MILES OF

To Flush out Acids and Other Poisonous Waste

Doctors say your kidneys contain 15 Miles of tiny

Doctors say your kidneys contain 15 Miles of tiny tubes or filters which help to purify the blood and keep you healthy. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning shows there may be something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

An excess of acids or poisons in your blood, when due to functional kidney disorders, may be the beginning of nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 Miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Set Doan's Pills.

Get Doan's Pills



FOOT ITCH ATHLETE'S FOOT

Send Coupon Don't Pay Until Relieved

According to the Government Health Bulletin No. E-28, at least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form and the skin cracks and peels. After a while the itching becomes intense and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

Beware of It Spreading

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also eracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get relief from this disease as quickly as possible, because it is very contagious and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or croth of the legs.

Most people who have Athlet's Feet.

of the legs.

Most people who have Athlete's Foot have tried all kinds of remedies to relieve it without success. Ordinary germicides, antiseptics, salve or ointments seldom do any good.

Here's How to Relieve It

The germ that causes the disease is known as Tinea Trichophyton. It buries itself deep in the tissues of the skin and is very hard to kill. A test made shows it takes 20 minutes of boiling to kill the germ, so you can see why the ordinary remedies are unsuccessful.

H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of relieving Athlete's Foot. It is a liquid that penetrates and dries quickly. You just paint the affected parts. It peels off the tissue of the skin where the germ breeds.

Itching Stops Quickly

As soon as you apply H. F. you may find that the itching is quickly relieved. You should paint the infected parts with H. F. night and morning until your feet are well. Usually this takes from three to ten days, although in severe cases it may take longer or in mild cases less time. H. F. usually leaves the skin soft and smooth. You may marvel at the quick way it brings you relief; especially if you are one of those who have tried for years to get rid of Athlete's Foot without success.

H. F. Sent On Free Trial

Sign and mail the coupon and a bottle of H. F. will be mailed you immediately. Don't send any money and don't pay the postman any money don't pay anything any time miless H. F. is helping you. If it does help we know you will be glad to send us \$1 for the supply at the end of ten days. That's how much faith we have in H. F. Read, sign, and mail the coupon today.
GORE PRODUCTS, INC. 850 Perdido St., New Orleans, La. Please send me immediately a complete supply for foot trouble as described above. 1 agree to libe it according to directions. If at the end of 10 days my feet are getting better 1 will send you \$1.
If I am not entirely satisfied I will return the musced portion of the bottle to you within 15 days from the time I receive it.
Name
CityState

Ever Hear of a Kiwi?

(Continued from page 63)

details write E. R. Corhett, 1307 Roslyn av., S. W

details write E. R. Corhett, I307 Roslyn av., S. W., Canton, also for information regarding reunion 19th F. A. and 5th F. A. Brig.

26th (YD) Drv.—YDVA natl. conv., Hartford, Conn., June 22-25. Write Wallace H. Gladding, exec. secy., P. O. Box 1776, Hartford.

Soc. of 28th Drv. A. E. F.—Annual convention and reunion, Williamsport, Pa., June 15-17. For roster, report to Walt W. Haugherty, secy., 1333 S. Vodges st., Philadelphia.

32D Drv. Vets. Assoc.—For roster and plans for 1940 biennial convention at Green Bay, Wisc., write to Byron Beveridge, secy., Capitol, Madison, Wisc.

34th (Sandstorm) Drv.—Reunion, Webster

Wisc.

34TH (SANDSTORM) DIV.—Reunion, Webster City, Iowa, July 23. Lacey Darnell, Webster City.

37TH DIV. A. E. F. VETS. Assoc.—21st annual reunion, Dayton, Ohio, Sept. 2-4. For details, write Jas. A. Sterner, 1101 Wyandotte bldg., Columbus, Ohio.

City, 16wa, 3my 26. E. F. Vets. Assoc.—21st annual reunion, Dayton, Ohio, Sept. 2-4. For details, write Jas. A. Sterner, 1101 Wyandotte bldg., Columbus, Ohio.

Rainbow (42d) Div. Vets.—21st annual reunion, Oklahoma City, Okla., July 13-15. Albert Hoyt, natl, seey., 3792 W. 152d st., Cleveland, Ohio.

777th Div. Assoc. extends courtesies and facilities of its Clubhouse, 28 E. 39th st., New York City, to vets of all outfits who visit the New York Worlds Fair. Jos. E. Delaney, seey., 28 E. 39th st., New York City.

787th Div. Vets. Assoc.—Annual spring reunion and smoker, Capitol Hotel, 51st st. and 8th av., New York City. Apr. 22. Richard T. Stanton, 1070 Anderson av., New York City.

807th Div. Vets. Assoc.—20th annual convention and reunion, Uniontown, Pa., Aug. 3-6. Mark R. Byrne, seey., Natl. Hq., 413 Plaza bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

83d Div. A. E. F. Vets. Assoc.—All vets of Camp Sherman or A. E. F. send names and addresses to Natl. Hq., 312 Akron Savings & Loan bldg., Akron, Ohio.

897th Div. Soc.—Reunion, St. Louis, Mo. For dates and for information regarding organization of local Chapters, write to Chas. S. Stevenson, seey., 2505 Grand, Kansas City, Mo.

RICHMOND LIGHT INF, BLUES—150th anniversary celebration, Richmond, Va., May 10. Mills F. Neal, Box 24, Richmond.

60th Inf.—Annual reunion, Canton, Ohio, Sept. 2-4, with 5th Div. reunion. For details and for copy 5th Div. History, write Wm. Barton Bruce, 48 Ayrault st., Providence, R. I.

104th U. S. Inf. Assoc.—20th annual reunion, Salem, Mass., May 5-6. For details, write Lawrence A. Wagner, adjt., 201 Oak st., Holyoke, Mass.

126th Inf.—Reunion, Jackson, Mich., Aug. 4-6. Chas. Alexander, Otsego Hotel, Jackson.

312th Inf., 78th Div.—Reunion dinner, Newark, N. J., Sat., May 20. Col. Anderson of San Francisco will attend. Write Seey., 312th Inf. Assoc., 620 High st., Newark.

314th Inf., American Legion Hall, Catasauqua, Pa., Apr. 29.

316th Inf. Assoc.—20th annual reunion, Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 23. Raymond A. Cullen, Seey., 1829 Cobbs Creek Parkway, Phi

sept, 22-24. Chas. M. Sumpson, seey., 2239 Benson av., Brooklyn, N. Y. Also annual reunion Co. I, 314th Inf., American Legion Hall, Catasauqua, Pa., Apr. 29.

316th Inf. Assoc.—20th annual reunion, Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 23. Raymond A. Cullen, seey., 1829 Cobbs Creek Parkway, Philadelphia. M. G. Co. Vets. Assoc. 108th Inf.—15th annual reunion, Buffalo, N. Y., Sat., Apr. I. James A. Edwards, 166 Cleveland av., Buffalo, N. Y. Co. H., 112th Inf.—For information regarding reunion, write to Ernest W. Cuthbert, 8 N. Broad st., Ridgway, Pa. Co. M., 113th Inf.—Annual reunion, Union City, N. J., in June, Write Edw. H. Braue, 112 Ames av., Leonia, N. J.

Co. K., 308th Inf.—Annual reunion dinner, 77th Div. Clubhouse, 28 E. 39th st., New York City, Sat., Apr. 22. Simon Reiss, care of clubhouse. 1330 M. G. Bn., 36th Div.—2d annual reunion, Marshall, Tex., June 18. Jesse J. Childers, 223 S. Covington st., Hillsboro, Tex.

342b M. G. Bn.—1939 reunion now being planned. For details, send name and address to I. O. Hagen, Huron, S. D. 51st Ploneer Inf. Assoc.—Annual reunion, Flushing, N. Y., Sept. 10. Walter Morris, gen. chmun, 139-09 34th Road, Flushing, N. Y.

59th Pioneer Inf. Assoc.—Ahnual reunion, Rehoboth Beach, Del., in Aug. For details, write Howard D. Jester, 1913 Washington st., Wilmington, Del.

159th Depot Brig. (Camp Taylor)—Vets. interested in proposed reunion, write to Ace Waters, 218 N. Main st., Rushville, Ind.

117th F. A. Vets. Assoc.—Annual reunions Sept. 2-4 at both Detroit Mich., and Portland, Ore. For details and latest issue of Camoneer, write to R. C. Dickieson, seey., 7330 180 st., Flushing, N. Y.

D Brray Assoc. (134th F. A.)—To complete roster, all vets report to Lester S. Grice, seey.-treas., 420 Carlisle av., Dayton, Ohio.

328th F. A. Vets. Assoc.—Ahnual reunion, Grand Rapids, Mich., June 24-25. For details, write to R. C. Dickieson, seey., 7330 180 st., Flushing, N. Y.

D Brray Assoc. (134th F. A.)—To complete roster, all vets report to Lester S. Grice, seey.-treas., 420 Carlisle av., Dayton, Oh

50th Co., C. A. C. (Ft. Leavitt, Me.)—For membership and information of reunion, write Secy. R. N. Stoffer, Chief of Police, Salem, Ohio. 64th C. A. C., Btrres, D. & E.—Annual reunion Columbus, Ohio, in June. For details, write T. E. Watson, 605 Ogden av., Toledo, Ohio, or W. C. McCoy, 451 W. Broad st., Columbus. 71st Regt., C. A. C.—Annual reunion, Boston Yacht Club, 5 Rowes Wharf, Boston, Mass., Apr. 29, Theo. A. Cote, adjt., 380 Tarkin Hill Road, New Bedford, Mass.

30 Trench Mortar Btry., 30 Div.—Reunion, Brooklyn, N. Y., July 3-8, with 3d Div. meeting. Barney Gallitelli, 294 17th st., Brooklyn, N. Y. 33Sth Moror Transp. Repair Unit—For roster, write Mark H. Taylor, Rutherford, Tenn. 12th Engrs.—Regimental reunion, St. Louis, Mo., June 1-3, John J. Barada, secy., 4998 Fairview av., St. Louis.

roster, write Mark H. Taylor, Rutherford, Tenn. 12th Engrs.—Regimental reunion, St. Louis, Mo., June 1-3, John J. Barada, secy., 4998 Fairview av., St. Louis.

Vers. of 13th Engrs. (Rr.)—Annual reunion, Minneapolis, Minn., June 16-18, Jas. A. Elliott, secy.-treas, 721 E. 21st st., Little Rock, Ark.

14th Engrs. Assoc.—Meets 1st Sunday each month, 3 p.m., Back Bay Station, Boston, Mass. Write C. E. Scott, comdr., editor, 54 College av., Medford, Mass., for bimonthly News.

15th Engrs, (Rr.)—20th annual reunion, Pittsburgh, Pa., Apr. 29. Bryon Wade, 210 Realty bldg.. Youngstown, Ohio.

Vers. 31st Ry. Engrs.—11th annual reunion, Oakland, Calif., Aug. 18-20. F. E. Love, secy.-treas., 1042 1st st., S.W., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

34th Engrs Vers. Assoc.—10th annual reunion, Hotel Netherland-Plaza, Cincinnati, Ohio, Sept 2-4 Robt. S. Hart, chum., 1333 Carolina av., Bond Hill, Cincinnati; Geo. Remple, secy., 2523 N. Main st., Dayton, Ohio.

52d Engrs., R.T.C.—2d annual reunion, New Castle, Pa., July 30-31. J. A. Bell, 320 Meyer av., New Castle, Pa., July 30-31. J. A. Bell, 320 Meyer av., New Castle, Pa., July 30-31. J. A. Bell, 320 Meyer av., New Castle, Sept. Sep

City, July 13-15, during Worlds Fair. For details, write Wilbur P. Hunter, 5321 Ludlow st., Philadelphia, Pa.

Gen. Hosp. No. 11, Cape May, N. J.—Proposed organization and reunion. E. R. Cetton, 2208 N. 52d st., Milwaukee, Wisc.

U. S. S. Buena Ventura—Proposed chain letter reunion of survivors of crew. Martin L. Marshall, Western Union Tel. Co., Bridgewater, S. D.

U. S. S. Canandaigna (Mine-layer)—Proposed reunion in June. Fordetails, write-John Weller Wood, Manhasset, L. I., N. Y.

Natl., Assoc. U. S. Connecticut Vets.—3d annual reunion in New York City area, Sept. 2. For details, all ex-sailors and marines of crew write to Fayette N. Knight, Natl. Capt., P. O. Box 487, Closter, N. J.

Camp Hq. Personnel Det., Camp Dodge—Proposed reunion, Des Moines, Iowa, during State Fair. Vets. requested to write Harry E. Richey, ex-sgt., Tracy, Mo., and express preference of dates for reunion.

Soc. of Crossep Oulls of America—All

Fair, Vets. requestions of the versets, Tracy, Mo., and express preference of unusfor reunion.

Soc. of Crossed Quills of America—All former field clerks of Army, Q. M. and Marine Corps are invited to join. Write W. J. Mueller, secy.-treas., 3532 N. Broadway, 8t. Louis, Mo. Vets. A. E. F. Sherma—3d annual reunion, Eastern Dept., at Philadelphia, Pa., in May. For details, write Geo. Winkleman, comdr., 1834 Dalas st., Philadelphia.

301st Styr. Tr., 76th Drv.—20th annual reunion, Hotel Manger, Boston, Mass., Apr. 15. Leroy F. Merritt, 7 Karl Pl., Brockton, Mass.

39st Art., C. A. C.—Reunion and review, old 13th Regt. Armory, Brooklyn, N. Y., Sat., Jpr. 22, 8 p. m. Harold U. Barker, 140 83d St., Brooklyn.

JOHN J. NOLL.

The Company Clerk

The Company Clerk

The AMERICAN LEGION Magazine



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4 "MY JOB CALLS FOR intense concentration," says television engineer Waggener, "and that might mean a lot of nerve strain if I didn't take it easy now and then to let up—light up a Camel!" For real enjoyment, for all the pleasure there is in smoking, let up—light up a Camel—the cigarette America's smokers treasure most for mildness—for rich flavor!



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